

T. B. S.

THE SATIRIST,

OR,

MONTHLY METEOR.

OCTOBER 1, 1809.

THE SCHOOL OF PROJECTS.

YOU had raised my curiosity, Mr. SATIRIST, and I was resolved to gratify it: but I had little reason to expect that the gratification would have been so complete. Where the progress of human ingenuity will be at last arrested, it is not easy to foresee; but the professors of the SCHOOL OF PROJECTS seem resolved not to be discouraged by the common obstacles, which they, who are conversant only with the laws of nature, term impossibilities. If a scheme can be rendered plausible or imposing, a projector never concerns himself about its possibility, or even probability. But I will not detain you by a prologue at the threshold of the school, when there is so much better amusement to be found within.

It happened fortunately that I visited the School when some of the most notorious professors were present, and were making some curious experiments. The president,

who sat in a chair something elevated above the rest, was leaning his left arm on two volumes of BROWN'S DEVICES, while in his right hand he held a paper, inscribed '*Plan for a Brewery.*' He seemed to pay little attention to the proceedings of his associates, but looked in a *Brown* study as if revolving projects of his own. Near him stood as '*heavenly Contemplation* by his side,' a projecting Butcher, who supported the president in all his speculations, and who had himself, it is said, *digested* a plan for making a sheep grow to the size of an ox, which nothing prevented him from carrying into execution but the apprehension that the public might not be able to *digest* such overgrown mutton. I heard the name of this slayer of cattle, and I remember that it had an allusion to some particular description of rural scenery, or division of farm land; but whether it was LEY,* or BOURN,† or both I do not recollect; but indeed his name is of little importance, though his deeds might haply be most fitly immortalized in the ode of some Pindar of Leadenhall market, and chaunted to the high-toned strains of marrowbone and cleaver. He was one of the principal advocates and supporters of the president's plan for *insuring the lives of cattle*; but as it was apparent that his profits depended more immediately on the killing of cattle than on the preservation of their lives, it was imagined that he might propose, like Sheepface in the farce, to prevent their death by cutting their throats. This hopeful scheme lay on the president's table: other embryo projects were placed upon the cushion of his chair, upon which he was sitting as if hatching them; some abortive bubbles were

* LEY, from the Saxon leag, a field or pasture. *Johnson's Dictionary.*

† BOURN, "and every *losky* BOURN." *Milton, Comus.*

scattered at his feet, among which was a plan for a LONDON BANK. The president, it seemed, had relied as much on this as a methodist on the *Bank of Faith*, but unfortunately for him the public could not be brought to put either faith or money in his bank. But indeed HOPE rather than FAITH appeared to be the presiding genius of the school. Her statue was placed in a niche near the president. She was leaning on her anchor, with one hand raised in an encouraging attitude, while her eyes were bent downward with a complacent smile on her votaries. It reminded me of the figure placed over the door of the *Hope Insurance Office* on Ludgate-Hill. In making my sketch of the president, I have been particularly careful to preserve the thoughtful cast of his countenance and attitude, and I have luckily been able to correct my drawing by a very fine portrait which he has had published of himself; so that you may rely on the accuracy of the resemblance.

After I had paid due observance to the president, I turned to notice the proceedings of his associates. They appeared to be all occupied in one grand project; each, however, superintending some particular department for which his pursuits had more peculiarly qualified him. The proposed object was to relieve and encourage our manufacturers by the discovery and establishment of a market for their commodities, from which they could not be excluded by the tyranny of Buonaparte: and the projectors flattered themselves that to attain so desirable an end, and to further and support a scheme of such vast and incalculable importance to the British empire they should rather have to reject than solicit subscriptions.

The plan, by which it was proposed to accomplish this purpose, was indeed magnificently simple; and unique as it was in general design, it was equally so in all its parts.

An engineer, who has lately made himself notorious by his designs for tunnels and bridges, proposed to build a bridge from the Earth to the Moon ; and as materials for such a work could not be procured in England, and we were excluded from the usual points of access to the continent, he had planned to bore a grand tunnel towards the centre of the earth, from which several smaller bores might be directed towards any part of the surface of the globe, that might be fixed on as most proper for the object in view. In explaining this part of his scheme, he observed that he should not be deterred by the dull hack-nied wit of those who might say it was *all a bore* ; he was certain he *could make something of it*, and that was enough for him. In the erection of the bridge, to avoid the danger of rust, he should use brass pins and clamps : there would be a necessity, he was well aware, for a great deal of *brass* to carry the work on, but that he should have no difficulty in supplying. As it was not probable that any timber could be found of a size and length adapted to his purpose, he should avail himself of an idea suggested by an ingenious projector about a century ago, which was to make timber of saw-dust ; but he should carry the plan further ; he should first convert his trees into saw-dust, from which he could mould timbers of whatever length, size, and shape might be required. As soon as a point should be fixed in the Moon as well as the Earth, to spring the arch of the bridge from, the work might be considered as half done.

The patentee of the gas lights had engaged to light up the tunnel and the bridge : another projector had constructed a carriage to cross to the Moon which would go without horses : and there were several other inventions equally ingenious which I do not now immediately recollect : but the president had drawn up a plan for the insur-

ance of all merchandize and property adventured in this channel, and the whole was to form one grand scheme, which, in allusion to the proposed market in the Moon, was to be entitled the "*Lunatic Company*."

Every thing was made out by models as plain and as simple as heart could desire. There was a model of the automaton carriage, of the moulds for making timber from saw-dust, and various other things; but the most interesting thing was the model of the projected tunnel and bridge. This was an extremely prettypiece of mechanism, and had in reality a very imposing appearance. There was the figure of the earth and of the moon each bearing its relative proportions and distance; and these were connected by a very pretty bridge of a single arch, which was beautifully lit up with gas lights. The engineer was exhibiting his mode of boring his proposed tunnel, and had got half way to the centre of the earth, when by some mismanagement of the man of gas, his furnace burst, and setting the world on fire, soon reduced it together with the bridge and the moon to a cinder. Considering this as a fatal mischance myself, I was astonished at the composure of the projectors; but I was informed that the president had anticipated accidents of this sort in his plan of insurance. As the idea of insuring the universe itself against fire was, however, something too sublime for my comprehension, I left the school of projects, perfectly satisfied as to the motives and views of the professors, and thinking all further or more particular information respecting their schemes perfectly unnecessary.

THAUMASO SCRUTINY.

Sept. 12th, 1809.

HINTS TO MODERN AUTHORS.

HEAVENS ! what a motley groupe ! Folios, quartos, primmers and *Horne* books now dancing before the eyes of my imagination, whilst all the jargons of Babel are resounding in my ears—so many of you claim my attention, I know not to whom I must give the preference, nor whether I must class you according to your quantity or quality. If the *Iliad* might really be comprised in a nutshell 'tis possible that some charming little gilt, lettered and hotpressed duodecimo might be entitled to my earliest devoirs, particularly some of those which profess to be filled with *beauties* alone—but as all is not gold that glitters, perhaps I should be tempted to exclaim, with the compiler of a *modern cheap catalogue* in the Row. 'These things are called beauties, but in truth they are some of the *ugliest* extracts ever made !'

Not to appear invidious by making distinctions, I shall therefore begin with some general advice, and as example is said to be superior to precept, you shall from time to time be favoured with a few practical illustrations.

On your commencing *trade*, it is quite unnecessary to consider what subject you are qualified to write on ; consult your friend the bookseller, if you should happen to have an acquaintance with this *agent to the muses*, learn from him what subject is most likely to take, and be particular in choosing one that will admit of a reply, or a rejoinder, or an antidote, or that may be easily worked up again into a second edition with additions. If your first book takes with the public, you may expect a score of imitators, who not content with their own *miseries* will infringe:

upon those of others, it may therefore be proper to have your second edition ready before the first is printed, to prevent anticipation; but should you not have been so provident, your only resource is to warn your friends to beware of counterfeits, and to take none but what come out of the *real and original manufactory*.

Should it be your lot to wander through the airy hall, and low browed caverns of early romance, or rather what is called the 'imitation' of it, you may lay aside what little judgment you are possessed of, for some future enterprize, and with a *monk* for your guide, trust entirely to your stock of fancy; and even though but sparingly supplied with that article, yet you have this advantage, that you can borrow, even where your friends are unwilling to lend—for though every Englishman's house is his castle, yet every Englishman's *castle* is not his *freehold*, nor can he bring his action for trespass on his domains, if a fellow traveller in these high roads should step over the bounds of his airy forest or venture with trembling footsteps to glide along his haunted gallery. You will recollect also that every thing has two sides to it, and that if the daring knight, or timid yet curious heroine, should enter the half-ruinous castle or abbey through the frowning ivy-clad portal, until they have examined every cranny where a ghost, or even a mouse, could creep into; yet if you can only contrive to find an entrance for Osmond or Bertha, by a back window, or bring them into it blind-folded, they will no more know where they are than you would understand an old woman saying the Lord's Prayer backwards. You need not, therefore, have any fear of discovery unless it should be some castle with which we are well acquainted, and even then by raising one or two additional spectres, we shall be so happy to meet with a little strange company in the old shop, that there is no danger of our calling the watch, to take you up for a burglary.

To give some appearance of originality, it may be necessary to introduce us to somebody we have not seen before. Gulliver, indeed, in his trip to Laputa, has raised so many ghosts, that he has thinned the market, and even the poor *Wandering Jew* has been brought to light, though whether as a spectre, or as a substance, I do not exactly understand. In looking over my own visiting cards I find not any names which would answer your purpose, as I am on terms of intimacy only with genteel ghosts, and those whom every body knows; indeed, I am afraid if you want a few ghosts not generally known, you must look into the Bible, if there is one in the family, or in the neighbourhood; but should you not find it easy to refer to this ancient chronicle, without an application to the parish clerk, I shall just name two or three old folks who might not be displeased at being raised again.

If your scene lies in Wales, you may be within hail of Gray's bard "o'er Conway's foamy flood," with his harp and long beard, he would make a very pretty ghost; or even Owen Glendower himself, "if he would come when you do call for him." Again, if you would rather lay your scene nearer home, in Norwood for instance, where your heroine may be genteely terrified at ghosts, whilst her maid is more naturally alarmed at the gypsies—here you may have it.—Scene, the borders of Norwood, an ancient barn tenanted by owls, enter the ghost of Jerry Abershaw in chains! You need not tell us, what brings him there, for though your readers in Tothill Fields and St. Giles's may not like the idea of being kept in a *state of suspense* for an hour; yet your more *fashionable* friends will know his business as well as they did that of the *Wandering Jew*.

If Thalia, or Melpomene should next inspire you—but stay—somebody lately has defined an opera to be a ve-

hicle for music, and I think we may define a modern comedy to be an excuse for breaking crockery ware and the ten commandments. In the Augustan age of British literature, our comedies were lessons of morality; and although they pictured vice, it was to give by its dark shade a relief to the opposite virtues, rather than to bring it forward in the forelight, and make it the principal object in the drawing; but our more ingenious dramatists of hodiernal fame seem to have hit on an easier mode, whether it will answer time must shew. To enable you to imitate the great examples of the modern school, I would recommend you to chuse two or three of the most frequent vices of the present day; let them produce their natural effects in the first and second acts; but as some silly people might be prejudiced against your hero from his conduct, you must let him be well versed in the theory of generosity, and though he sends all his movables to *one uncle*, yet he must have a strong partiality for the picture of *another*—in the third act, you may excite our pity—in the fourth, shew us that the vice of extravagance is only amiable weakness, and if in the fifth you can afford a little national flattery, you may then venture without fear of damnation, to prove to us that the height of villany, and the breach of all moral and social decorum, are nothing but the exuberance of virtue in a warm soil.

As a dramatic manufacturer you will often find it necessary to take the musical composer or machinist into partnership, in order to build up, or to open your plots; if you have a plot, and cannot whisper it in an *aside*, you may chant it in a song; but the best way is to compose without a plot, as you will have more scope for your machinery. The shortest way, indeed, of writing a new play is to take it from the French, and surely whilst our

tars are taking all they can, it is but fair that our tragical and comical writers should take what they meet with belonging to the same nation.

In another "little month," you shall hear further from your friend

CROP THE CONJUROR.

(To be continued.)

OXFORD PHILOSOPHY.

MR. SATIRIST.

SOME years ago I enjoyed a most hearty laugh over Mr. Kett's '*Elements of general Knowledge*,' and the recollection of that pleasure induced me to hear with much delight that he had lately published another work, adapted particularly for the ladies. The idea of a work *by a fellow of a college* adapted particularly for the ladies is certainly *nouvelle*, as the *Beau Monde* says. I sent for it with eagerness, expecting a repetition of the same treat, which his *Elements of general Knowledge* in days of yore afforded me. Nor have I been disappointed. At first, indeed, as I skimmed the leaves, while dividing them with my paper-cutter I thought that *fourteen shillings* for two duodecimo volumes with *handsome blanks* at the end of each chapter, and about *three hundred lines* of quoted poetry as mottoes was rather an exorbitant sum. But when I had read these precious volumes every wrinkle in my brow was smoothed except two or three which, I can assure you, did not proceed from sorrow, and I no more grudged my fourteen shillings for

EMILY, than I should for the *first edition* of "Mrs Love-child's stories for young ladies."

I have neither time nor abilities to enumerate all "Emily's charms," nor, if I could, would I be so ill-natured as to anticipate some worthy bookseller, who, I doubt not, will, some day or other, publish "the *Beauties of KETT*," but I cannot refrain from mentioning two, on which I dwelt with inconceivable rapture.

Miss Emily, at the age of *seventeen*, with the greatest *naïveté* possible, asks her papa the following question :

' E. I heard you say the other day you were *surprized* and *astonished*; could you not as properly have said, you were *amazed* and *confounded*.

' C. By no means ; I am *surprized* at what is new or unexpected ; I am *astonished* at what is *great* ; I am *amazed* at what I cannot *understand*, and I am *confounded* at what is *frightful*.'

Pray, Sir, according to this definition, were you *surprized* on the discovery of Colonel Wardle's connection with Mrs. Clarke, and of his having bribed her to give her evidence against the commander in chief? Were you, who well knew that they who bawl the most vociferously for liberty abroad, are always the greatest *tyrants at home*, *astonished* at *squire Cobbett's* brutality to little BURGESS? Were you *amazed* at Miss Owenson's '*Ida of Athens*,' or are you *confounded* at the sight of the whiskered countess? I am sure you have betrayed no symptoms of being *confounded* at *Mister Cobbett's impudence* or *tergiversation*, yet according to Colonel Lorton's definition, I should think it sufficient to *confound* a nation. I have heard of persons being *confounded* in a disputation; yet I know of only one sort of argument that is *frightful*, which is the *argumentum baculinum*. If poor Emily in the course of a dispute should be reduced to *obmutescence*, I suppose

Mr. KETT would have her consider herself not as *con-founded*, but as *dumb-founded*, a terrible predicament for a woman.

It was resolved, Mr. Satirist, some year or two ago, that some alteration should take place in the course of the students reading for their bachelor's degree at Oxford, and that mathematics and natural philosophy should form part of the system of study. I do not recollect whether Mr. Kett continued tutor at Trinity after this resolution was passed. If he did, I cannot sufficiently congratulate the under-graduates of that college for being placed under the tuition of one so admirably disposed to throw *new* light on one of the most abstruse points of physics—*Ecce signum*—Emily asks,

‘ E. What is a spring tide ?

‘ C. It happens by the sea being raised in certain places many feet above the *natural* level, AT THE NEW AND FULL MOON, WHEN THE SUN AND THE MOON ARE IN CONJUNCTION, that is, are nearest to each other.

‘ E. What is a neap tide, and when does it happen ?

‘ C. It [is] a low tide ; and it happens when the moon is in her quarters, and * *of course* in OPPOSITION to the sun.† *These were the laws imposed upon the ocean at the creation of the world, and they have continued in full and undiminished force to the present hour.*’—KETT, *ex cathedrâ*.

O nimium dilecte deo TIBI militat æther

Et conjurati veniunt in classica venti. Claudian.’

There was once, Sir as you well know, a man of the name of ISAAC NEWTON who was supposed to know something about these matters, but I very much fear that, if

* ‘ I am not so much at a loss in my *summulas* as some people think.’ Friar Gerund.

† ‘ Doctors doubt that.’ *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

he were now alive he would be considered as nobody. Indeed, I very well recollect an advertisement some years since kindly inviting us to visit some exhibition or other in Leicester Place, I think by a gentleman of the name of Martin, who for a shilling would shew us that NEWTON was quite wrong, and understood nothing of the matter, *et veteres avias nobis de pulmone revellet*. Whether it was from his school that the Oxford lecturer gained his philosophy, I cannot tell. MR. KETT will, perhaps, make the same reply to an objector of the old school, with regard to his PHYSICS, as *Toinette* or *Sganarelle* (for I forget which) on the score of their ANATOMY.

‘ Il me semble que vous les placez autrement qu’ils ne sont ; que le CŒUR est du côté GAUCHE et le FOIE du côté DROIT.

‘ Oui, cela étoit autrefois ainsi, MAIS NOUS AVONS CHARGÉ TOUT CELA, et nous faisons maintenant la médecine[la philosophie] d’une méthode TOUTE NOUVELLE.

I am, Mr Satirist, your humble servant.

Q.

SECOND SIGHT VIEW OF A CRITICISM

THAT WILL APPEAR AT SOME FUTURE PERIOD, ON

A FUTURE POEM OF MR. CAMOMILE’S.

It has been with equal surprize and indignation that we have heard the veracity of our second-sighted correspondent repeatedly disputed by the purblind advocates of the *ever-to-be-lamented* Mr. Jeffrey. We are boldly assured that the prophecy of our Scottish coadjutor is only remarkable for its falsehood ; and that the journal

of which we had announced the speedy dissolution is still in a state of vigorous and flourishing existence. Still there are many reasons which, we trust, will fully satisfy our readers, as they have already satisfied ourselves that the present Edinburgh Review is a spurious descendant from its deceased relation, and differs in many respects from that which was the immediate object of our colleague's prediction. The late Edinburgh Review was chiefly distinguished by its merciless and inflexible severity; the present is equally remarkable for its fulsome and indiscriminate adulation. The former of these journals was sometimes witty, elegant, and learned, but always irreligious; the latter is often tedious and superficial, but a great admirer of very moderate sermons, and a strenuous advocate of the church of Scotland. The original review was a great admirer of Mr. Scott; the surreptitious one "damns with faint praise," and "poisons with a kiss," and what is of more importance than all the preceding arguments, if the present journal were the same with its predecessors, the prophecy of our colleague must be false.

As there are some points of view, however, in which a sanguine imagination might trace a very striking resemblance: as they both display the same harshness of cadence, the same vulgarity of diction, the same pomposity of decision, and the same "profundity of nothingness," we are not so unmindful of our colleague's estimation in the eyes of posterity as to rest his claim to the gift of prophecy on the fulfilment of a single denunciation. We well know that in all ages a prophet has been despitefully used by his contemporaries. The modern high priest of the Jews has been condemned by an impious legislature to languish out the remnant of his days in a hospital of lunatics; the meek and holy professors of tabernacle inspiration are received by that part of the com-

munity, which pretends to be the most liberal and enlightened, with anger or derision; and the friend and instructress of the love-sick maidens of the county of Lancaster, was repaid for her services to the population of her native village, by the curses and the jeers of the ungrateful populace, who had purchased her philtres, and who witnessed her suspension.

But the time will come when the prophecies of Richard Brothers, Joanna Southcote, and our colleague, shall be received with the respectful reverence that their truth and authenticity demands. We are conscious that the greater the number of our predictions, the greater will be the ultimate evidence of the truth of our pretensions, and we shall therefore continue, from time to time, to exercise our oracular powers on various subjects, political and literary. As our duty obliges us to read all the new publications, and to see every production of the modern drama, we have no occasion for the use of opiates; and though our readers may sometimes complain of our languor, or our dullness, they can never mistake our predictions for the ravings of delirious enthusiasm.

The following extract from the Edinburgh Review for 1821 will require no comments. It is sufficiently illustrative of itself, and will help to shew how much the arts of criticism, poetry, and book-making will be improved in the lapse of a dozen years.

“ *The Vale of Blocksolm, a Polish Tale, with other Poems.*
By Fitz-Hopeful Camomile, Esq. One Vol. 4to. pp. 52.
7l. 7s. Bookmaker and Co. 1821.

“ We think that the present is far from being one of the best doings of its author. Indeed, we are not sure that it will be at all received with that eagerness among the lovers of poetry that it appears to us entitled to. There is, we are afraid, a very prevailing taste among us

for productions of a far inferior nature which daily gains ground, and threatens to monopolize the market of poetical competition. Mr. Camomile's manufacture is in our opinion, however, of a more durable texture than the flashy and glittering articles of the regular dealers in crockery, and when we consider that his attempts at excellence are never alloyed by any of the dirty materials that are so dexterously cemented by his contemporaries, and least of all by materials of hollow and deceptive brittleness—we are much mistaken if the number of bidders will not be in a direct proportion to the time of exhibition.

“ It may be conjectured from these remarks that we are not inclined to quarrel with Mr. Camomile on the score of carelessness. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the native splendour of his own bright genius has not been as it were damped, and sullied by the natural coolness of his judgment. For our own parts we are almost sure that his poem would have been better if the temperature of his conceptions had been nearer the point of effervescence, and that he has been too respectful to his readers and himself; but of this we shall say more when we come to our conclusion.

On a little consideration it would seem that judgment, considered as a distinctive quality of perception, is of little importance in the generalization of poetical notions; but this opinion must be limited by many other metaphysical distinctions, which just now we have not time to enumerate. What we have said, however, will enable our readers to conceive a pretty good idea of our meaning. We shall resume this interesting discussion more fully hereafter.

“ Contrary to our own wishes we are obliged in this instance to refrain from any account of the plot : confident

that any analysis of ours would only diminish that simplicity of design, and unity of parts, which it displays to so great a degree.

To illustrate the following extracts, it will only be necessary to say before hand that the scene is laid in the salt mines of Poland, and that the peculiar beauty of the poem appears to us to consist in the natural and plaintive tone of colouring with which the simple yet beautiful character of the scenery and its inhabitants is described.

I.

"On Cracow's frigid plain, fair mines of Bay *

Tho' through your chasms no cheering sun-beams thrill,
Tho' green are not your vales of salt for aye,

Nor in your plains doth May inhabit still :

Yet nought of rock, nor meadow, plain, nor hill,

Is wanting.—Dressed in nature's richest hue,

Thy chrystals sparkle worked in heaven's own mill,

With spangled glow, thy yawning concaves shine,

Whose beauties bright to sing, the heavenly task be mine !

II.

"For ne'er of galling sun, nor freezing snow,

Had Fritzow's sons, but in description seen,

Ne'er had they learned December's ice to know,

Nor doom'd in August's sultry sun to screen

In bowering shades from Dog-days ardor keen

Their wearied limbs, in languid rest outspread ;

Fair was their sky of pendant chrystal green,

Shook but a rattling chariot o'er its head,

Its glittering shower of salt, the fretted ceiling shed."

The description of old Schwzts, the aged miner's funeral is, we think, conceived in the true style of nature and simplicity.

* Bay salt.

XIII.

“ And tho’ of vocal choir thy woods among,
 No listening ear, or bleat of lambs would tell,
 Yet sweeter music in thy syrens song
 Swell’d thro’ thy arch, or on thy descant fell
 With mournful cadence, when funereal bell
 With maiden sighs and youthful groans conjoined,
 Hymn’d to the grave of salts transparent dell,
 The sage who three score years and ten had mined
 Now doom’d in death’s cold arms preserving salt to find.”

Nor is the description of the transparent and antiseptic burying ground, to which these peaceful miners were at last consigned, to our taste less beautiful or interesting. The sympathetic happiness of the lover and the parent in the contemplation of the cold remains of a mistress or a child is conceived with equal truth and spirit.

XIV.

“ Then thro’ the chrystal’s pure transparent face,
 The grave of ancient heroes of the mine,
 The mournful traveller unappalled might view,
 Th’ uninjur’d form, and lineament divine.
 Ah! happy ye who in that pure confine,
 No worms disturb, no dark corruptions waste :
 For you nor kindred, friends, nor lovers pine,
 Still ye are seen ; in death’s cold arms embraced,
 That salt ye once had hewed your deathless bodies taste.”

That Mr. Camomile has genius to elevate, and elegance to adorn the most trivial subject, is to our minds extremely certain from the following stanza.

XXIX.

“ Hushed was her mouth—far gushed the crimson flood *
 From the pure source of sternutating power,

* We suppose this to be a description of a bleeding at the nose.
 —SATIRIST.

In dark round drops her rich celestial blood,
Now gently fell, now ran in hastening shower,
More beauteous pranked the chrystal way than flower
Of hundred dyes, or gothic fabric's pane,
Stream'd the warm life for more than half an hour ;
Nor soap, nor water, e'er shall clear the stain,
Tha still her apron dwells, and still shall there remain."

But it is in metaphysical poetry that we would ascribe to Mr. Camomile the highest praise, and in which we exhort him to persevere. We are almost afraid that we have been already tempted to make longer extracts from the principal poem than is quite consistent with justice, but we are anxious that nothing should be wanting on our part to convince the impartial that we have yet a poet of whom great things may be hoped. We shall close our extracts, therefore, from the Polish Tale, with a fine specimen of the union of sound reasoning with poetic enthusiasm.

XXXI.

" Nor thro' reflection's stream such magic flows
With every tint of mental grace impressed,
While bland association lovelier glows
The opening thoughts that labour in his breast
Lull'd by remembrance wakeful chords that press'd,
By heaven's own hands harmonious sounds suspire,
reathe of our life the blissful transient rest,
While burns the spark of love's celestial fire,
Fann'd by the gale of rapt, unutterable desire."

The reason we have just given prevents us from taking so detailed a notice as we could wish of several other passages, which display, we think, considerable delicacy and knowledge of the art of composition. We hope that Mr. Camomile will forgive our selection of a few that struck us on opening the book.

"Then UP, where nature's descant open lay,
On the loose bank, or distant river seen,
They walked;"

"Oh let me feel again that sound so sweet,
Sweeter than perfum'd zephyr to mine ear,"

"Viewless her form, but still distinct to sight,
Her graceful shape, and well turn'd limbs arose."

Cum multis aliis.—

Nothing can be more magnificent, than the spirited address to the descendants of a race, the origin of which we can trace with equal pride and pleasure to these northern regions—the Barclayans.

"Oh! ye of lusty walking fame,
Who long have kept the ring,
How glad the poet now essays,
Your bright exploits to sing!
How quick your dauntless march ye tread,
Along the dusty plain,
And ye fly, while they cry! &c."

"Tho' fleetier than the ostrich,
At tip-toe pace, ye tread,
Or blistered till your soles are sore,
And softer than your head,
Yet still in Sporting Calendar,
Your honoured names shall shine,
And still beef-steak shall be for you,
To breakfast, or to dine:
When all your toils are over,
On kindred goose, ye'll dine."

"Tho' still you're near the devil's ditch,
Ye ne'er shall tumble in,
But round you circling angels,
Your manly strength shall win,
Then when your time is ended,
You quickly chair'd shall be,

And preceded by the throng,
Still play shall fiddlers three,
While huzzas rend the place,
And folks strut, through the dirt
To see of the hero the face."

Since writing these hasty remarks we have been informed of the death of their amiable and lamented author. Conscious of the danger of such a rivalry, and by no means anxious to invite a comparison that would prove so injurious to us, we hazard the following sincere, though we are afraid weak tribute to Mr. Camomile's memory, with greater humility than our readers, we suspect, will give us credit for.

O ! sad is the day, and full dismal the hour,
The poet of nature has gone to his bower,
His bower in the church-yard where silent he lies,
Be mute all ye tongues, and be moist all ye eyes.
For of all the fam'd bards that their letters have spell'd
Or in rhyme, or poetical measure excell'd,
Or have triumph'd o'er armies of enties so grim,
Nor moderns, nor ancients are equal to him.
So sweet was his verse that it made people sick,
So soothing his prose that the acting of Quick,
And the dancing of Liston, and farces of Hook,
Would not all make you laugh after reading his book.
His writings so equal, twas'nt easy to say,
Which best would the trouble of reading repay,
His meaning so deep, and his wit so refin'd,
Few the one, or the other were able to find.
Of words when the language no more could supply,
He would coin a few new ones; and sooner than lie,
Or be thought like old Bruce, a sad fib-telling bore,
He took care to tell nothing we knew not before.

How hard was his fate ; In a voice rather rough,
 Having sent to his friend for an ounce of Scotch snuff,
 Lo the wrapper unfolded, how humbled his pride,
 Of his own dear production a leaf he descried :
 Transfixed with amazement, and horror, and shame,
 Terrific convulsions distorted his frame,
 His eyes from their sockets, so wide staring glided,
 And he sneez'd, and he sneez'd, and he sneez'd, till he **DIE DID.**

—————

BRITISH PRESS NEWSPAPER.

SIR,

THE follies and vices of men are so numerous and so diversified, that it cannot be expected that the most accurate observer should be competent to notice them *all*, nor the most rigid censor, however anxious to perform his duty, be able to apply the lash *wherever* it may be deserved. This is the apology which I have made for you in my own mind, whenever I have attempted to account for your not having yet inflicted chastisement on an object as worthy of your indignation as the greater part of those who have already writhed under your scourge. I mean, Sir, the newspaper called the **BRITISH PRESS**. Its insignificance and obscurity may, perhaps, hitherto have concealed it from your notice, but I trust that its insignificance will no longer be considered as a shelter from punishment. The venom of a reptile is not in proportion to its bulk, and the minute spider of the Cordilleras is as fatal as the bulky Boa.

For some months past the **BRITISH PRESS** has been the

subject both my of ridicule and detestation. At its ignorance I have laughed, its futile attempts at argument I have pitied, but at its malignity I have been disgusted.— These, however, it might have indulged in, unmolested by me, as long as fools could be found to pay for reading it, and knaves for writing it. But when I find it preaching sedition and recommending *mutiny to the army* as plainly as *lashing Mister Cobbett*, it then becomes the duty of every honest man to contribute what is in his power to expose it to the world, and hold it up to merited contempt, abhorrence, and ignominy.

‘ Here on the rack of satire let it lie,
Fit garbage for the hell-hound Infamy.’

The following article, Sir, is accurately copied from the BRITISH PRESS of Friday, September 8.

‘ *The high mettled racer’s a hack on the road.*’ The application of this line of the well known old song was shockingly exemplified in the person of an old soldier who perished on the open highway in the neighbourhood of Ruthyford, Cumberland, on Monday se’ennight. This poor veteran, *worn with age and infirmity*, was soliciting the aid of the charitable, as he passed along the road. Neglected, sorrowful, and fainting under fatigue and want, he begged at the turnpike-gate for a draught of cold water which he procured, and then pursued his solitary way.’

This last paragraph is pretty and pathetic, Mr. Satirist, and the phrase *solitary way*, having been used by Milton, the temptation to introduce it was too great to be resisted, even at the risk of writing nonsense ; as I conceive there must be some little difference in the population of a turnpike-road in the nineteenth century, and of Eden in the year of the world *one*.

‘ He had not, however, proceeded far, before he staggered and

fell, when in consequence of the *bursting of a blood vessel*, he struggled for a short time in the agonies of death, and then breathed his last. A few halfpence was all that was found upon him, except a small bundle of linen, AND A CERTIFICATE OF HIS BEING A CHELSEA PENSIONER. How sadly, my countrymen, are our warlike sons, who have fought our battles under a parching sun, or amid the storms of winter (is not this latter case rather unusual, Mr. Satirist?) rewarded for their services!

Now, Sir, as I am fully persuaded in my own mind that this whole narrative is a *gross lie*, I take no notice of the numerous inconsistencies with which it abounds. I merely ask, what is the plain and obvious meaning of the last paragraph, unless it be to render the brave defenders of our country discontented with their lot, and to lead them to expect no other reward for their meritorious exertions than neglect and beggary. Whereas *the fact is notorious that the soldiers and sailors in his Majesty's service, are more comfortably provided for, when age or infirmity has incapacitated them from farther active duty, in Great Britain, than in any other country upon the face of the earth.* Would the compassionate scribbler of the above article wish our army surgeons to be plentifully provided with *opium* to lull (aye, and that for ever) the anguish of the wounded? there are nations where such a practice has been resorted to: and there *was a time* when DESGENETTES nobly refused compliance with such a proposal of the humane BUONAPARTE.

Supposing, for a moment, the narrative to be *true*. I would ask, 'this learned Theban,' whether he is acquainted with any medicine to secure a man from being worn with AGE. *Nostrums* to attain *longevity* may be bought in St. Paul's Church Yard any day of the week, and though I have read 'Hermippus' Redivivus, or the Sage's triumph over the grave,' I believe the ingenious au-

thor is still *in the wood*, and Mr. Thicknesse, in spite of his **pleasant panacea*, is gone 'Numa quò devenit et ancus.' Perhaps this second SOLOMON (not *King* but *Doctor*) has taken out a patent to secure *blood vessels* from bursting. I hope he, like other quacks, will have the generosity to publish his medicine 'for the good of his countrymen.'

I should not be much surprized, Mr. Satirist, if the writer in the BRITISH PRESS, (for it now and then attempts at wit, *pecudesque locutæ, infandum!*) should insist that the last paragraph in the above article was *ironical*; and that the poor man's CERTIFICATE OF HIS BEING A CHELSEA PENSIONER fully shews that in this liberal nation, the sons who have fought the battles of our country, have an asylum in their old age, and their latter days are rendered comfortable as a reward for the exertions of their youth. Such a supposition in behalf of the writer may be very *charitable*, but not very *probable*. That such was his motive "credat Judæus apella

Sept. 9, 1809. Non Eco."

ADDRESS TO PATIENCE.

FRIEND to my youth, whose guardian power,
Has oft relieved life's earliest hour,
Whose opiate influence soothed to rest,
The tumults of my infant breast;
To thee, great patron of the song,
My tributary strains belong!

* Verbum sat sapienti, Mr. Satirist.

With thee, nor Ward, nor Tully's Latin,
Nor tutor's hum-drum prayers at matin,
Nor Vince's mathematic knowledge,
Nor all the quizzing of the college,
Could cloud my brow with transient sorrow,
Or make me curse to-day, or dread to-morrow.

Still Patience! Still befriend thy servant,
Of all thy cautious steps observant:
Tho' hunger-waste my meagre frame,
Tho' cold neglect obscure my fame,
Tho' arrogance, with squinting eye
And scornful lip, should pass me by,—
Tho' rack'd by poverty, and pain,
Nor wealth, nor peace, nor friends remain,
Thine aid can charm my griefs away,
Can make my gloomy garret gay,
The hour of lingering pain beguile,
Cause want with virtue's mien to smile,
Teach me with stedfast gaze to view,
The last long refuge of the few,
Whose breasts with virtuous ardour burn,
The bounds of this vile earth to spurn:
And lead my wearied steps to explore,
The pleasures of a happier shore.

Such are the griefs thy skill can cure,
Thine influence teach me to endure.
But still thy boasted powers are vain,
Behind far heavier ills remain.
Hunger may starve, and vapours kill,
Assisted by the doctor's skill.
The poor to future wealth may rise,
The mean with glory fill the skies,

But sing-song nonsense still the same,
Racks, but not kills the mental frame.
Riches themselves are no defence,
Assail'd by Carr's impertinence,
Disease and want have charms entrancing,
Compar'd with Brougham's mad financing.
And storms most musically rage,
Contrasted with Joe Barlow's page.

No twitch of gout is more distressing
Than blundering Jeffrey's vile caressing,
Nor empty pocket more displeasing,
Than flippant Hunt's eternal teizing.
Ulysses sung "Great Jove redeem us
From dreadful one-eyed Polyphemus,"
So save me Heaven, when in the grave,
From purblind Hayley's laudatory stave.
The trumpet of one's wife's a whistle,
Tired by the ranting of a Cecil ;
A dying speech less doleful twangs,
Than slip-slop Waithman's dread harangues ;
And Newgate's walls breathe purer air,
Than Finnerty's polluted lungs prepare.
Oh ! Patience ! could thy smile dispense
To Dimond wit, or Perry sense ;
Give Buxton grace, or Cobbett truth,
Or modesty Valentia's youth ;
Whitbread in candor's garb disguise,
In Cato's robes bid Wardle rise,
Teach dullness how to charm the ear,
And *Hill* the pains of hell to fear ;
Illume with heavenly radiance lust,
Make authors wise, and critics just :
Then might this world be worth enjoying,
The gifts of Heaven be worth employing ;

Then might we read our *patriot* papers,
Without the megrims or the vapours :
A tragedy might make us weep,
A comedy disturb our sleep,
Wisdom the senate's councils guide,
And Burgess stem the methodistic tide.

In vain thy powers, with length'ning chain
Vice mocks thy meekness, and thy pain ;
Dullness derides thy glistening eye,
And croaks the note of victory !
One brood of fashion's meteors fled,
A race more numerous lifts its head.
Let Rowland die, ten thousand more
Shall preach where Rowland preach'd before.
Old Stanhope to his grave consigned,
A second bully skulks behind.
And Scott's poetic glory flown,
Another Flecknoe fills his throne !

Since then, dear Patience ! heavenly maid !
In vain I call thy friendly aid,
Let me to modern manners true,
Dismiss thee with a kind adieu !
Revenge shall trace my burning line,
And satire's soothing rage be mine !
Tremble ye knaves ! ye fools be still ;
Unwonted fires my bosom fill ;
At length your groveling souls shall know,
The force of truth's resistless blow ;
Your venal minions howling fly,
Abash'd by truth's resistless eye ;
And all your schemes of folly fled,
You sink unknown amidst the vulgar dead.

Bat lest my humble efforts fail,
And critics laugh, and blockheads rail,
Once more, Oh! Patience deign t' attend
The wishes of a quondam friend,
And while I act as virtue's pleader,
In kindness still attend MY READER.

H.

ABOLITION AND PREVENTION OF WAR!!!

Est quoque cunctarum novitas carissima rerum.

OVID. *Epist. ex Ponto.*

MR. SATIRIST,

DE FOE called the age in which he lived "The age of projectors." Alas! fond man, how vainly did he arrogate to his own times an honour which was reserved for our enlightened days. If that generation deserved such a distinction, what denomination shall we give to the present age, when almost every day gives birth to some new project; and almost every night wraps the sable mantle of oblivion round some expiring scheme. Have we not had a project to supersede the use of coals and candles? A project to raise a political reputation on the broad-bottomed foundation of sixpenny letters? Projects to reform the war-office by the declamations of an avowed deserter? A project to insure the lives of cattle?*

* *Homo est animal*, say the philosophers. It is said, that some men among us, (who are labouring to justify this classification by every possible departure from humanity) wish to be included

A project, to make old women's cats and ladies' lap-dogs the *protégés* of our courts of justice? A project for the *suppression* of vice? Projects to immortalize Shakespeare by transmuting his divine compositions into burlettas? And, finally, projects to invade England on rafts?

Now, Mr. Satirist, do you ever read that entertaining compilation of "ingenious communications," yecept "The Monthly Magazine?" If so, you have probably, seen, in page 15 of the number for last August, a most exquisite project for—*A society for the abolition and prevention of war!!!*—A few observations on so important a subject may not perhaps be wholly uninteresting.

The author of this project begins his essay by a most pathetic reference to the slave-trade, which he considers to be very intimately connected with the war. How such an association of ideas could enter the head of any one except a projector, it is difficult to imagine. The relation, however clear to the supernatural vision of such a genius, is not quite obvious to less illumined understandings.

However, having asserted the connection between war and the slave-trade, and assured us, that "we have witnessed the fiend's (war's) coadjutor destroyed," (a phrase which I hope the reader understands) our projector proceeds, "As the world *grows* more enlightened, and the peaceful and benevolent *principle* of Christianity becomes better understood" (I used to think Christianity a revelation, but it now appears to be merely a principle) "how is it that men, *who call themselves by that name*, should have done so little towards ridding the world of this other great monster, *bellum, horridum bellum?* The system of

in this scheme. But they are very anxious to have the plan extended to unnatural deaths. Certain institutions teach them to apprehend other visitations than those of providence. This note will be understood.

wars amongst Christian princes," he adds, " wars of extermination, wars *ad internecionem*, lose their horrid appearance, from having glory mixed with them !" And he concludes with proposing a subscription in order to abolish and prevent war.

Before I consider the probable conduct of the proposed society, allow me, Mr. Satirist, to offer one observation on the singular manner in which this gentleman's humanity is affected. The very mention of war freezes his blood with horror : he is quite astonished that, "*men who call themselves by that name !*" should have done so little towards ridding the world of this monster," whom he attempts to exorcise, as the superstitious parsons of our forefathers endeavoured to lay a ghost, by calling him hard names in Latin. War, that ugly little monosyllable, he hates ; but, dignify it by the addition of a high-sounding name, call it but war *ad internecionem* ; and (such is the virtue of *sesquipedalia verba* in the breast of a philanthropist,) it instantly " loses its horrid appearance, from having glory mixed with it !"

—— Oh war, war ! wherefore art thou war ?*

War, horrid war, rouses the fiercest indignation of this zealous philanthropist ; but "*wars of extermination*," in which the old and the young, men, women, and children, are the wretched victims of one universal slaughter ; such wars lose their horror in their glory ! I doubt not that this philanthropic projector would cordially join in the humane wish of Caligula, that a whole country had one common neck, in order that one stroke might dispatch it. How cruel are " the tender mercies" of some men !

Davus sum, non Œdipus, Mr. Satirist. I am but indif-

* O Romeo, Romeo ! wherefore art thou Romeo ?

SHAKESPEARE.

ferently gifted with the faculty of guessing, and have cudgelled my poor brains without mercy in the hope to discover by what means the subscribers to this philanthropic project would propose to effect "the abolition and prevention of war." I think that I have at last succeeded; but if I should be wrong, I must be content to relinquish all future attempts, and to acknowledge that the ways of this society are beyond the powers of my conjectures. After every consideration of the subject I can think of no purpose to which this subscription-fund can possibly be applicable, except as hush-money to Buonaparte. He is now the common disturber of the world—his ambition and avarice "cry havoc! and let slip the dogs of war," in almost every civilized country. It is, no doubt, fondly hoped, that his heart will relent when this tributary collection shall be laid at his feet, and he shall be hailed as the universal pacificator of the world.

When this exquisite project shall have accomplished its end, we shall indeed see glorious days; we shall witness an actual return of the golden age, in which we are told,

—sine militis usu,

Mollia securæ peragebant otia gentes.

OVID.

But, Mr. Satirist, I apprehend one difficulty which may oppose the extinction of the military profession. I know not what the ladies may say to such a scheme. Who can answer that every Venus will consent to lose her Mars? Who can offer any adequate assurance that our belles will give up the dear fellows in scarlet? My apprehensions on this most important point I shall beg leave to state in the words of Dr. Johnson, who, speaking of the incon-

veniences occasioned by the absence of these ladies' men in an expedition, expresses himself in the following manner :

“ Of fifty thousand men, now destined to different stations, if we allow each to have been occasionally necessary only to four women, a short computation will inform us, that two hundred thousand ladies are left to languish in distress ; two hundred thousand ladies, who must now run to sales and auctions without an attendant ; sit at the play without a critic to direct their opinion ; buy their fans by their own judgment ; dispose shells by their own invention ; walk in the mall without a gallant ; go to the gardens without a protector, and shuffle cards with vain impatience for want of a fourth to complete the party.

“ Of these ladies some, I hope, have lap-dogs, and some monkeys ; but they are unsatisfactory companions. Many useful offices are performed by men of scarlet, to which neither dog nor monkey has adequate abilities. A parrot, indeed, is as fine as a colonel ; and if he has been much used to good company, is not wholly without conversation ; but a parrot, after all, is but a poor little creature, and has neither sword nor shoulder-knot, can neither dance, nor play at cards.”

I remain, Mr. Satirist,

Your obedient servant,

AN OLD SOLDIER.

London, 5th Sept. 1809.

THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB.

SIR,

It is not without considerable surprize and indignation that I have read the sneers of you, and your brother

scribblers, against that patriotic and enlightened society, the Four-in-hand Club. That an association so laudable in its origin, and so honourable to its individual members, should be the repeated object of the low and infamous ribaldry of the *would-be* satirists of the day, is one of the most deplorable proofs of the decline of our national character, and of that thoughtless propensity to scandal which distinguishes the present age above all that have preceded it.

But the cause of virtue and good manners will finally triumph over all the misrepresentations of the wicked, and the mistakes of the ignorant. It is easy for the most feeble champion of that society which I have now the honour to defend, to refute the calumnies of its malignant and vulgar libellers. Their actions and their habits are fortunately too well known, to admit that they should be successfully misrepresented or denied. The time is at length arrived when the calumnies of their accusers shall recoil upon themselves, and when even the most inveterate of their enemies shall be compelled to confess their magnanimity, benevolence, and courage.

If a noble disregard of the splendid and accidental happiness of hereditary rank; if a generous contempt of riches, and of all the comforts that riches can procure, be a proof of magnanimity, their claim to that uncommon and exalted virtue can scarcely be disputed. If we admire the self-denial and self-degradation of a Cincinnatus, or Diogenes, how much more ought we to be charmed and astonished at the humility and condescension of our modern charioteers. To drive a stage coach is at least as degrading as the labours of a ploughman, and the man who voluntarily relinquishes all the decencies of life, and the luxuries of fashionable society for the nastiness of a stable, and the vulgarity of a pot-house, possesses as just

a claim to the title of philosopher as the filthiest stoic of antiquity.

Had the ancient aristocracy of France been as happy as our modern youths of fashion, in the stable, or on the coach-box, the people would have had little reason to wish for a revolution. Our young men of family have none of that fastidious delicacy or supercilious arrogance which formerly tended to excite the hatred, and stimulate the resistance of the multitude. While jockeys and postilions are permitted to address them by the friendly appellations of Jack, and Dick, and Billy, while they feel neither shame nor reluctance to join in a fraternal embrace with the lowest retainers of a taphouse, and while they study with anxious emulation the language, the gesture, and the costume of grooms and pot-boys, there is nothing to be dreaded from the overweening insolence of our hereditary nobility. We have almost arrived at that climax of political perfection which poets have sung, and philosophers anticipated, and the only danger to which we are now subjected, is that of seeing Hellfire Dick or Bobbing Tom supply the offices of state which their companions might have been expected to fill; and resigning to Mr. Buxton, or Sir Harry Peyton, the unrivalled dominion of the whip to handle with *humble* dexterity the reins of government.

Nor is their personal prowess less conspicuous than their intellectual magnanimity. We shall have but a very inadequate idea of our national bravery if we only contemplate the exploits of its military heroes. The courage of a soldier may be the casual result of momentary enthusiasm; or the involuntary impulse of shame or desperation—it is easy to fly headlong into danger, from which there is no possibility of escape, and to fight with intrepidity when flight is more dangerous than resistance

but for men who have no ambition beyond the precincts of Newmarket, who only expose themselves by their exploits to the sneers and contempt of an ungrateful and degenerated country, and who are conscious that in less than an hour after death it would be forgotten that such beings had existed :—" for heroes, such as these (as Mr. Sidney Smith would say) to hazard their necks in a contest of which the glory is so evanescent, and the disgrace so fatal ;" is a height of disinterested courage which the heroes of Maida and Talavera might vainly emulate.

But if their courage and their magnanimity be thus worthy of esteem and admiration, how much more ought we to cherish and to venerate the ardour of their benevolence. If a generous distribution of their fortunes among the most needy and naked of mankind, be any proof of this rare and estimable virtue, the members of the four-in-hand club may proudly vie with the Howards and the Days of any preceding period. The meanest and the poorest of mankind are admitted to their tables: the favoured participators of their revenues as well as of their pleasures, are the lowest outcasts of society—wretches with whom no other human being would have the magnanimity to associate, and whom the proud and the uncharitable would condemn without examination to the gallows, or the pillory. Surely, some degree of praise and veneration is due to men who despise the minor decorums of society when placed in competition with the higher interests of philanthropy, and who relinquish all the advantages of birth, and fortune, and education, to save from hunger and desperation a set of needy and vulgar vagabonds, immersed in the lowest abyss of debauchery, and with no means of existence but such as are derived from the good nature, or generosity of their honourable friends !

Against characters thus exalted above the common ele-

vation of human nature, the carping of a satirist can only be compared to the croaking of a raven at the towering and inimitable flight of the Mæonian eagle. To prove, however, still more irresistibly that the members of the four-in-hand possess not only the virtues of the heart, but the wisdom of the mind, I have sent, by express permission, the following copy of their laws and regulations, carefully extracted from their journal in possession of the Hon. —

Art. 1.—This club shall consist of four-and-twenty members.

Art. 2.—This honourable society shall be called the Four-in-hand.

Art. 3.—No member shall be admitted till there be a vacancy.

Art. 4.—No member shall be admitted who does not possess a title (whether mortgaged or not, no matter) to 5000*l.* of the ready in a year.

Art. 6.—With the exception that no member shall be admitted whose debts amount to more than eight times his income in possession or expectation; as it might chance that he might be knocked up, which would not do.

Art. 7.—Every member, on the first day of the season, to have *the thing* ready by seven o'clock.

Art. 8.—No member to take anything with him but a hard biscuit, or two slices of ham, as it might spoil his lunch: which would be better not.

Art. 9.—Every member to pay Dick at the Bell a crown; as he knows how to look after the tits, and what one says.

Art. 10.—No piece to be let into inside, while going: as the things were not made for company: company being weight, and one can't drive in high stile without blinds up—weight of the body being then as nothing.

Art. 11.—No member to stop at children, &c. as they ought to be kept out of the way, and stopping loses time—besides, old women frightened look so funny.

Art. 12.—When any member of this club gets to talk to a *blue one*—who talks *borish*—not to talk as how the fellow can understand—but talk as the club does when together, which will be all Greek to him.

Art. 13.—A meeting shall be called every three months about uniform; and nothing to be like any thing seen before.

Art. 14.—No member, upon his honor, to squint at other members wenches; nor to have ticks in name of other members; nor to leave the — at — without paying, whatever he may do at other places; nor any member to nick or spavin other members horses just before a race.

Art. 15.—As money is of no value to this honorable society, and £10,000, and £10, being all one to us, of course fines can't be of any use at all, therefore such members as is guilty of such like as herebefore mentioned, shall be expelled.

Art. 16.—As one or two of this honorable body intends going into the church to be made a parson.—Mem. When so—not to remain in club—but at liberty to give club a good dinner on a Sunday.

Art. 17.—That these articles be engrossed by law, and properly printed, and observed, and with the members be hung at such places as said club goes to.

Signed.—Buxton, President,
and C, D, E, F, &c.

Surely, Sir, you will have the candor to allow, that the above composition displays the elegance of the orator, and the solidity of a statesman, but were any additional proof required of the learning and politeness of the mem-

bers of the *four-in-hand*, the following simple and animated epistle would be sufficient to provide it :

“ MY DEAR DEAR LOVE,

“ Oh ! if you knew, my love, how I long'd all the while that the tits spanked it to town, to see you ! I should have kneel'd to you, my love, soon ! but Cæsar was deucedly sweated, so I just staid to see the poor fellow rubbed down, and then who should I meet but Jack Williams a coming to town : so we thought as well might pair and pair together all the way to Islington—so staid, and lunch'd at Barnet—when, would you think it ! had some of the nicest cold chicken, and some fine red ham, with brown stout—so you see, dearest love, could not get into town time enough to run to your house, without hurrying the bottle, which I never do—and I wanted to drink to you, so thought would send to let you know. Could'nt tell what to do about the gold pin—ask'd a friend, he said it was such a randy subject—but dearest love, I have sit down, and wrote some verses about it myself ; something like what I once read in one *Marshall* at school—but never the worse, as *there* now in English. Oh, my love, how I long to read them in your *presents*.

To my dearest love Miss B. on receiving from her a
GOLD PIN.

My dearest Betsy's pretty hand,
A pin gave unto me,
And ' do now give me one sweet verse,
About it, Sir,' said she !

And though I never once did write,
A line of poetry,
Yet thought I to myself to-night,
I'll see if I can try.

• So thinks I now what's best to say ?
And then I thought so finely ;
What I before had quite forgot,
' Madam, I thank you kindly.'

ADONIS.

But it is time for me to conclude this letter by assuring you, Sir, that I have in my possession, innumerable pieces of composition as elegant and witty as the preceding ; and that if you have the generosity to insert the letter, you may expect once more to hear from,

A PATRIOT.

A CHARACTER.

BEHOLD yon shameless wretch ! — in vice how bold !
 The venal slave of avarice and gold.
 Gold all his end, for which each form he tries,
 And shifts, like harlequin, the thin disguise ;
 Deserter, traitor, sycophant, or slave,
 A stern reformer, or a pliant knave.
 Consistent still—still his pursuit the same,
 What-e'er the means still lucre is his aim.
 His load-star this—he boldly plunges in
 Amid the waves of infamy and sin.
 And if one sixpence would the work attend
 Would pawn his God, his character, and friend.
 Would on pale poverty remorseless tread
 And rob the orphan of his scanty bread.
 Say, nor by shame nor terror kept in awe,
 Say, shall this miscreant brave insulted law ;
 Nor honest satire, with vindictive dart,
 Probe the recesses of his rancorous heart ?

Vain ! vain the attempt ! Can Satire's keenest rhyme
 Wound bosoms steel'd by impudence and crime ?

Had Churchill aim'd at Buckhorse Satire's shaft,
 The ruffian at the vain attempt had laugh'd.
 And would of infamy, that vilest race,
 Of injured manhood the supreme disgrace,
 Who wring the gold from innocence and fear
 By threats that Nature shudders even to hear,
 Would they regard avenging Satire's rage
 Though Gifford's muse pointed the indignant page?
 No!—Other powers such horrid crimes demand
 Not from the poet's, but the hangman's hand.
 Let not the bard ideal sufferings urge,
 But let Jack Ketch whirl high the real scourge.
 Thersites thus, the C-bb-tt of his day,
 Recorded stands of old in Homer's lay;
 Of speech malicious, insolent, and vain,
 A mean deserter from th' embattled plain,
 "But chief he gloried with licentious style
 "To lash the great, and monarchs to revile;"
 Till from his seat in rage Ulysses rose,
 And awed the dastard by repeated blows;
 The coward then avow'd his abject fears,
 From his swoln eyes fast flow'd the stream of tears,
 The tongue that honest shame would curb in vain,
 Cower'd 'neath the stroke of punishment and pain.

ELEMENTS OF POLITICS.

No. VIII.

IN our preceding numbers, we have attempted to analyse
 the male or *masculine* political problems, without noticing

those which though not *feminine*, must yet be designated as FEMALE POLITICS. If here we had merely to illustrate our theorems by examples, our task would be facile, as both ancient and modern history will furnish us not only with *instances* but also with *parallels*, from the hunt-loving Semiramis of Nineveh and her archetype of Hatfield, down to the *Gypsies* of Alexandria and of Westbourn-place.

Before we arrive, however, at *demonstration* and its consequent *corollaries*, it is necessary to recite a few axioms, to enable us to attempt the investigation of *those problems* which some of the greatest sages have declared to be *indefinable*.

AXIOM 1st.

Two bodies cannot be in the same place; it is sometimes necessary however *that two bodies should be in the same story*, the advantages resulting from a strict attention to this axiom, are evident from a perusal of the last new edition of the *Canterbury tales*, where the *Clark's tale* and the *Taylor's tale* agree so conveniently; its *disadvantages* are strikingly apparent from the blots and ambiguities in the *Colonel's tale*, particularly in the passages respecting letters and negociations; these errors in the press were, however, perhaps as much owing to the *Devil* as to the *Compositor*.

AXIOM 2d.

Nine Taylors make a man; it requires however more men *to make a Taylor*. Vide Cobbet's subscription-list.

N.B. it sometimes happens that a *Taylor* is made by *Chance*.

AXIOM 3d.

Two *hemispheres* are equal to an entire sphere. Vide Mrs. P—n's celestial panorama of the sphere of attraction.

AXIOM 4th.

Those *terms* which are equal to a *third*, are also equal to each other. This axiom may even be carried further, as we have found a patriot, his Clark, and Taylor, not only equal to each other, but *equal to any thing*.

AXIOM 5th.

Terms though joined by a *copulative*, may alter their value by transposition; thus *billing and cooing* in *Westbourne-place*, are totally different from *cooing and billing* in *Westminster-hall*. Vide some late commentaries on the bill of *WRIGHTS*.

The field of female politics is a wide one, and it may be divided into the *home* and *foreign* departments; the one including the wholesystem of domestic politics as applied to husbands, fathers, &c.; the other referring more particularly to those who chuse either to become the servants of the public, or to make the public their servants. There are some ambitious female practitioners, indeed, who think themselves qualified to undertake both departments; to them however a little *policy* is necessary as well as a knowledge of politics, and they ought to recollect that at an Inn, every *Bell* has a clapper. In most cases however, the two departments are so intimately blended, that we must take our problems without any specific selection.

PROBLEM 1st.

How to make a wedding *Cloak*, of a *Holland shift*.

This is a problem which in a Protestant state might be considered as a kind of Breslau trick, but in a Catholic country, *Italy* for instance, it will pass for nothing more than a species of transubstantiation. We will suppose the fair practitioner left as a temporary widow, in the very region of love and gallantry, and glad to make a *shift* of any thing whether *Dowlas* or *Holland*; now as the fig leaf of

old pointed out the necessity of additional covering so in this case, the use of this *chemise d' amour* may render a cloak necessary; hey! presto! pass! libel, separation, divorce, matrimony!!! If the trick is well done, it will appear to the bystanders as if leading to reform.*

PROBLEM 2d.

How to become an honest woman and go to court.

You must first persuade your keeper to marry you, though he well knows that you have been a *chère amie* to many of his own *dear friends*; this magical incantation performed, you are prepared for the solution of the latter part of the problem: perhaps indeed in your own country the solution is indeterminable: *n' importe*, there are other countries, where nearly the same *steps* have led to the same *equation*, and where even unknown quantities have by political involution, been raised to the *highest powers*; there then may you arrive at your 'quod est demonstrandum,' and there may you join in the modern patriotic hocus pocus of a modern whig bowing the knee to a modern tyrant.

(To be continued.)

NOTORIOUS FASHIONABLE CHARACTERS.

No. XII.

THOUGH circumstances, to the nature of which we have before alluded, continue to deter us from the exhibition of

* It is rather curious that so many of our modern reformers have chosen fit subjects on which to exercise their talents.

a character, whose private vices and public wickedness are scarcely to be paralleled: yet we are not so intent upon a single instance of depravity as to leave unnoticed the follies or the crimes of less celebrated or less cautious profligates. The fashionable world with all its virtues and all its allurements, and we are willing to allow the brilliance of the one and the fascination of the other, still continues to display such examples of moral and mental degradation as its votaries might vainly hope to parallel in the less exalted circles of society.

The *nobleman* whose vices and absurdities it is our present duty to hold up to the abhorrence or derision of his country, has so long been conspicuous in the annals of gaming and licentiousness; his violations of common decorum, and of the common duties of morality have been so frequent and so ostentatious, and the singularities of his habits as well as the preternatural *durability* of his constitution, has excited so much public wonder and inquiry, that there is scarcely any peccadillo of which he has been guilty, or any eccentricity for which he is remarkable, that has not been from time to time the object of public conversation. *He* at least may claim unrivalled the palm of notoriety. The nymphs of King's-place have long and loudly resounded the perennial prowess of their venerable high priest; the matrons of * * * * still burn with the remembrance of his youthful sensibility; and his praises are the morning theme of sonorous recitation to all the venders of milk in the purlieus of Piccadilly.

More than half a century has elapsed since this aged luminary of the nineteenth century first commenced his veteran career. At his first introduction to the world he bore the reputation of a good-natured companion not overburdened with sense; the amplitude of whose for-

tune was his only recommendation to the society and patronage of the *knowing ones*. Among those who were considered as pre-eminently entitled to the latter appellation was the late celebrated cornuto Lord G. who lost no opportunity of expressing in secret his thorough contempt for the abilities of his new competitor. The black-legs laughed in their sleeves at the brilliant projects which this wealthy novice in the mysteries of the turf had opened to their avarice: and the first season of his appearance at Newmarket was suffered to terminate in a manner that appeared best calculated to stimulate his future ambition, and to encourage that vanity and self-confidence which seemed to be the predominant feature of his character.

What were the sensations of the whole tribe of noble or ignoble gamblers, on finding themselves ruined and outwitted by a youth of no super-eminent abilities, unskilled in all the artifices of the turf, and apparently intoxicated by the successful outset of his career, may be easily conjectured. Before the end of the second Newmarket meeting he had completely established his claim to superiority in all the qualifications of the sportsman and the gambler. The possibility of driving a tandem twenty-four miles within the hour, had never occurred to the boldest of his predecessors. Honourable grooms and reverend postilions were at that time much more uncommon characters than at present; and when his lordship, after reducing himself by the usual chemical processes to a reasonable weight, bravely ventured to bestride his own Bucephalus, and triumphantly outstripped the most celebrated jockies of the day, not all the ludicrous and melancholy disasters that attended the exhibition, were sufficient to detract from the glory of so unrivalled an experiment. The envy of every contemporary Chiffney,

and the idol of all the admirers of good riding, who flew from the brothels of Mary-le-bone, and escaped from the spinning-house of Cambridge, to witness his exploits, the triumphant hero was borne on the shoulders of four kindred jockies to his chariot, preceded by a band of musicians, and hailed by the venal acclamations of the fashionable multitude.

But it must not be supposed that his passion for racing, or for dress (by which he was equally distinguished,) so entirely occupied his time as to retard or weaken his partiality for the ladies. His fame as a worshipper at the shrine of the Cyprian queen, was equal to his reputation for taste and jockeyship. His pecuniary generosity secured him an enviable preference among the impures, and his politeness, and his gallantry, rendered his personal attacks on the best fortified citadels of human man virtue perfectly irresistible. Poll Kennedy, Louisa Weston, the present Mrs. L. and the celebrated Kitty Fisher,* have all had the honour of being consigned by the whispers of the public to his ——'s occasional protection. The beautiful Mrs. A.† when plain Priscilla M. is said to have borne testimony to the force of his personal

* We believe that this lady was under his ——'s protection, when Lord Mount-Stuart, at that time the least man in England, hearing the footsteps of her keeper on the stairs, concealed himself under Kitty's hoop, and in that situation accompanied her out of the room.

† The following circumstances are so very extraordinary, and yet so little known that, were they not authenticated beyond the possibility of doubt, we should scarcely venture to repeat them. Mrs. A— was an epitome of feminine perfection, about four feet, eight inches high, delicately formed, and of most bewitching manners. Such had been the dissipation of Mr. A. previous to entering into the bonds of Hymen, that any

attractions ; and if Mrs. Woffington's female rivals are to be believed, the alienation of Garrick from that fascinating actress was caused by his ——'s imprudence.

affection that the lady might have felt for his person previous to marriage was quickly dissipated. But whatever might be the estrangement of her affections, her husband had never any reason to entertain the least suspicion of her fidelity, till an anonymous letter bearing the London post-mark, and written in a vulgar hand, directed his attention to the assiduities of his favourite footman, whom this epistle accused of deserting his own true sweetheart, *all for love of his mistress.*

The footman thus alluded to was a tall strapping fellow, more than six feet high ; boisterous in his manners, and awkward in his motions. At this period Mr. A. resided at the corner of —— Street, Bath, the front of the dwelling house forming one side of the angle, and the front of the stables the other. There was a communication from the stables to the inner court, and from the inner court through the kitchen to the house. Having received the keys of the stable, the kitchen, and his wife's dressing room which communicated with the back stairs, and was seldom locked, he set out on a pretended journey to a house that he was building at some distance from Bath, having first taken an affectionate leave of his wife, to whose chamber he had not been admitted for many weeks on the plea of indisposition, and who appeared to be almost overpowered by the bare anticipation of his temporary absence. Instead, however, of proceeding to the place of his avowed destination, he left his horse at Walcot and returned to Bath about five o' clock in the morning, ascended by the back stair-case to the dressing closet, and seated himself almost breathless with expectation in an ornamental barcelonette of which the curtains were usually drawn. Had he been discovered he could easily have lulled suspicion by affecting amorous impatience ; but no interruption occurred, till the lady had been served with breakfast in bed and Deborah had retired. William was now admitted by the back stair-case, and through the dressing closet, which his master occupied, and the interior door of which he very conveniently left open, to the bed side of

But these are the transitory delusions of a dream long past, the melancholy phantoms of a vision, of which the last faint traces glimmer on the memory like the fading splendour of a summer's eve amidst the snows of Lapland; which leaves the unhappy peasant to a long and cheerless twilight of hopeless sterility. The frost of age has long since chilled the veins, and silvered the hair of this hoary profligate. But the salaciousness of his imagination seems to gather strength in proportion to the gradual exhaustion of his mental and corporeal faculties.

Of such a character, if we did not detest the depravity we might ridicule the follies, but to turn from his vices to his eccentricities would be to divert our attention from the

his mistress. Here Mr. A—— continued to sit, a *silent*, if not a *calm*, spectator of his own dishonour. After he had seen enough to make him curse the frailty of woman, he returned by the road he came, unobserved by any of the domestics, walked back to the inn for his horse, returned to his house, giving some slight reason for the shortness of his absence, and actually conversed with his usual cheerfulness about indifferent matters till after dinner. As soon as the servants had withdrawn he taxed her with her infidelity. The lady instead of attempting to deny her frailty, boldly acknowledged the justice of his accusation, and told him that he had no one but himself to blame, for that *had he been what he ought to be*, she would have remained virtuous. The issue of the conversation can scarcely be detailed without astonishment. The husband agreed to indulge her in her illicit amours, provided that he might be still permitted to enjoy the prerogatives of a husband. The ruined sweetheart of William was sent into Scotland; he continued to participate in security the favours of his mistress; and this triple alliance of weakness, depravity, and lewdness was, and (perhaps is) fulfilled every morning, in all its stipulations.

only part of his character that is hateful or dangerous, to dwell upon foibles which many would forgive, but few would emulate. If all his impurities could be cleansed away by a morning ablution, he might even drown himself in a lacteal bath, without exciting the indignation of THE SATIRIST. His renovating tinctures, and his beautifying lotions, his muslin masks, and his gloves of chicken, can, if such things actually exist, do injury only to himself. We do not wish to correct his follies but to reform his wickedness, to convince him that an old age of impotent salacity is neither venerable nor happy, and that the ostentatious prominence of a few affected singularities will neither deceive the observation, nor delude the good-nature, of an insulted public.

SPECIMENS OF MODERN EDITORSHIP.

MR. METEOR,

FEELING my genius stimulated to exertion by the hints of your correspondent Crop the Conjuror, I have studied them with some attention, and through your medium offer my services to the puffing, advertising, and admiring world, either as editor or amanuensis, confident in my abilities to patch up paragraphs, and popularity, to elucidate surmise, to obnubilate staring facts into a pleasing obscurity, and to carry on either a military or political correspondence from the banks of the Danube, the

shores of the bay of Biscay, or from *tefra incognita* itself.

In proof of my powers, I present you with a few specimens.

For the leader. Affairs on the continent are exactly as we foresaw, and though we did not predict them, lest we should unnerve our countrymen, yet if our readers will refer to our late papers, (several files of which are now on sale at our office), they will there see what ought to have been done for the salvation of Europe.

Fashionables. Yesterday a dashing Cyprian who lives at No. ——— street, was taken up in Bond-street on suspicion of shoplifting. A second examination takes place to day; she seemed very composed, and was elegantly attired in white muslin, &c. &c. &c. &c. Several gentlemen of high rank will be present.

Bon mot. A dashing buck who happened lately to look into the Bible told his friend that he was like the *beast* in the Revelations, with a head of lead, and feet of iron! Note explanatory.—His friend had on a pair of the new boots invented by —— of Piccadilly.

Puff. Try and believe. By royal letters patent, the Imperial Antisaponaceous Australian Shaving-brush, which entirely precludes the necessity of shaving boxes. This wonderful and never-enough-to-be-commended brush is formed from the hairs of the sea lion of the *terra australis*, an animal which from being fed upon icicles and sleeping upon snow, has his body covered with the finest fat, with which the hair being strongly impregnated it is only necessary to take a draught of soda water, when this brush will raise the most delicious, elegant, and becoming lather on

the roughest chin. N.B. Ladies or young children may use it with the greatest safety.

Lottery. Heighho ! for a husband. If any young lady will apply at the office of Messrs. Goodluck, Hazard, and Co. and purchase a prize in the next ensuing lottery, they will ensure her a husband gratis.

Watering places. We are so shockingly crowded that not a bed is now to be had for love or money ; though any man who wants *half* a bed may have it for either one or t'other. Our daily arrivals are however still numerous, and likely to continue so. The morning is rather wet, as we have a good deal of rain at present ; of course there is nobody on the walks except those who can't stay at home ; if it should clear up, we expect to have a fine day, and then all the nobility will promenade ; of this you shall hear in my next letter. Our theatre was crowded last night by *gens de condition*, which is a proof of their taste. At the ball last night the rooms were quite empty, as there was nobody there. Mr. G—— can drive a barouche and four ; all the ladies admire him ; he was quite amused yesterday on being kicked out of the library by a fellow that knew nothing of life, whilst his footman was admitted in the disguise of a gentleman, so complete was the deception. Since the new regulations on the beach, all the ancient maidens are leaving the place ; they declare it is horrid that now they can neither see nor be seen. The weather is now clearing up, and we are all in high spirits, as we hope the Duke will honour us by perambulating in our view. The evening walks are now delightful—yesterday I was jostled by two baronets, had an apology from a blind lord for running against me, trod upon an old woman's toes, who I understand is a countess, and last night had the honour

of being squeezed between a great Jew contractor, a Lottery office-keeper, and an East Indian nabob.

Ainsi va le monde.

Yours,

PAUL PARAGRAPH.

REMARKS *on the Tale of the* "KNIGHT and the
LOBSTER.

No man can know better than yourself that consistency is the basis of every valuable character : and certainly not more in moral than in *literary* concerns. On this persuasion I not only believe that *you* are not the *author* of the LINES which appear in your last "SATIRIST," on the "Knight and the Lobster," but that they did not come under your inspection till you saw them in print ; because the consistency above mentioned, would have prevented you from publicly stigmatizing at one time those very writings which you had marked with particular public approbation at another ; indeed, at various others. An inconsistency of this kind would have made you a self-condemned "Satirist," on one of the most striking features of your own publication, so well conceived and executed under the title of "Comparative Criticism." I consider the article in question therefore as proceeding from a correspondent who thinks differently from yourself on Mr. Pratt's productions ; for the works censured sufficiently ascertain the writer aimed at ; but had even your corre-

spondent known the circumstances as they really happened, and not as they have been distorted for the purpose of making out the story, he would have found it impossible to connect any thing *like* ridicule with Mr. P.'s share in those circumstances, whatever unfavourable opinion he may have of that gentleman's literary performances.

There are always two ways, you know, Mr. Satirist, of telling a tale; though plain truth can tell it but in one. Your correspondent has made his election of that which best favoured his design; distributing, I must confess, with much impartiality the spirit of his ridicule against Lord Erskine, Sir Richard Phillips, and Mr. Pratt. Now, without entering into any sort of defence of either of these persons, or travelling a step beyond the question, I must contend, that the PRINCIPLE of the noble Lord's "speech" for preventing MALICIOUS and WANTON cruelty to animals is *not* a proper subject of the ludicrous, any more than Mr. Pratt's attempt to enforce that principle by making it the subject of a poem, whether the attempt fails or succeeds. Nor, if Sir Richard Phillips really feels a natural or habitual disgust to diet on animal food, as it is generally understood he does, is that, in ITSELF, any more favourable to ridicule than any other natural antipathy, or acquired dislike. And it is to the full as absurd to caricature a man merely for being granivorous as carnivorous. The only point on which a Satirist could with any propriety fasten, would be for a feeder on roots to quarrel with a feeder on flesh, or attempt to support his own habits by preposterous arguments and vehement expression.

Now as to your correspondent making 'a good thing' of it, by such misrepresentations as were best suited to his purpose; such as bringing the lobster to life after it had been long on the fishmonger's stall; giving to Mr.

P—t the eye of an epicure, for a fish, I have reason to believe, he particularly dislikes ; making a handle of Mr. P—t's large nose, to which the gentleman has *small* pretensions, a distinguishing feature ; considering him a convert to the knight's vegetable system, to which I have had frequent opportunity of knowing he prefers a dinner of beef and mutton,—I will venture in that gentleman's name and in my own to say he is most heartily welcome to any laugh that may be raised by little waggish distortions of the truth of the story, in return for the pleasure we have both derived from the pleasantry and point of the 'verses,' of which, whatever was the design, the execution unquestionably discovers not only the powers of the satirist, but poet.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ONE OF THE PARTY.

We insert the above statement at the particular desire of 'One of the Party ;' who calls on our consistency as critics, and our fair dealing as satirists, 'which certainly do not exclude the quality of impartiality, admitting defence as well as attack ;' such a call we are compelled to obey ; at the same time from our personal respect to 'One of the party' we would have advised that the subject should have been dropped. We are free to confess that the conjecture of our present correspondent as to the insertion of the Knight and the Lobster is partly right ; but we must beg leave to differ from him in his estimate of the proportion of ridicule which is directed against the parties concerned. Sir Richard is certainly the hero of the tale, and the poet is only found fault with for condescending to be seen in his company. SAT.

MODERN PROJECTORS.

No. II.

THERE are some men who appear to be possessed of such an utter insensibility to shame, that the most perfect detection of their infamy, the most marked contempt and aversion of all honorable men, do not in the least affect or move them. Such men are not to be reformed by censure ; but if the Satirist cannot shame them into goodness, he may prevent them from doing evil, by warning the public against their delusive arts ; by tearing off their cloak of dissimulation, and exposing their naked villanies to the general eye.

If there could be wanting any argument to prove the danger and the folly of giving encouragement to the daring and unprincipled speculations of needy adventurers, it might be found in the history of the various projects conceived and brought forth by **RALPH DODD, Esquire**, and the two *Squires* his sons. Anxious as we are to delineate faithfully the character of this family of projectors, we confess ourselves embarrassed by the vast variety of facts and striking traits which crowd upon our notice. If we would enter into a detailed account of all the schemes by which they have contrived to draw money from the public purse, our present number, our present volume, would not suffice to contain the exposition. But selection is no less difficult, where every part of their conduct in every one of their speculations, is marked by the same want of principle, and demands an equal share of attention and reprobation.

In this difficulty only one mode of proceeding occurs to us. As we have no other end in view than to put the public on their guard to take care of their present and future interests, we may pass slightly over such of these projector's schemes as have already answered the end of their projection, and are now no more, and confine our attention principally to such as are now in existence.

We shall not therefore take the trouble of tracing the steps by which the elder RALPH ascended, like a meteor, from the coal-mines of the north to dazzle the eyes of the multitude by the brilliancy of his speculations. We shall not dive with him into the dark mysteries of his Gravesend tunnel, for the burrowing of which not less than 30,000*l.* was obtained by him from the public, the whole of which is entirely sunk and lost to the subscribers: we will say nothing of his East London water-works, nor his pretended Birmingham water-works, for which he issued shares and received money,* though he had been personally canvassing the inhabitants of Birmingham, and knew they would never allow him to carry his project into execution: we pass over his conduct at Colchester, which has been so strongly reprobated by the proprietors of the water-works there; nor do we think it necessary to enter into a detail of his various practices, as projector of the London distillery company, which was suppressed as illegal on a criminal information filed against him by the Attorney-General; though the 7,000*l.** which he pocketed by this scheme, the shares, amounting from 5 to 700*l.* which he issued and received money for, and for which receipts were produced against

* Legal measures are now taken, we understand, against him, by the several parties concerned for the recovery of this money.

him, above the number of shares originally proposed by him ; the 2,000*l.* which he charged to the company for a patent steam-engine, never ordered by them, and in fact never received, but sold by him for 1,500*l.* to the proprietors of the Colchester water-works, so that he has charged for this one engine 5,500*l.* ; though all these circumstances, and added to this, his conduct to the young man, whom he tempted, by a promise of nominating him clerk to the company, to purchase from him forty shares at a high premium which they did not bear in the market, and afterwards denied the transaction, though charged with it in the face of the whole proprietors, and was with difficulty compelled to refund the money when the company was suppressed ; though all these facts might afford sufficient ground for comment, and supply ample documents for a proper estimation of the character of Ralph Dodd, *Esquire*, we shall not dwell upon them, but pass to what is more immediately interesting, - his present conduct towards the proprietors of the Vauxhall Bridge Company.

The first advertisement of this project appeared in the Morning Advertiser some time in March, 1808 ; this stated the following resolutions, amongst others, to have been passed at a meeting held two days previous at the Crown and Anchor tavern, viz.

“ That subscriptions would be received by Messrs. Down, Thornton, and Free, as treasurers.

“ That the plans, &c. might be seen, and every other information gained by application at Mr. Dodd's office.

“ And that thirty noblemen and gentlemen (therein named) were to be commissioners for carrying the plans, &c. into execution.”

Thus in the very outset of this project was a delusion practised on the public ; for no such meeting was held, nor had any one of these thirty noblemen and gentlemen, whose names were made use of as a lure, ever been applied to on the subject, nor ever since been heard of in the concern. But the lure took ; many persons, under the persuasion that these noblemen and gentlemen were to be the guardians of their property, went to the projector's office for information, and approving the plan and eager for shares, paid him the money ; he kindly offering to accept it, to save them the trouble of going over to the bankers in Bartholomew lane. In this way he contrived to get into his hands no less a sum than 5,490*l*. as appears by his own statement ; and to this day he has dared to resist the demand of the proprietors, that this money should be paid into the hands of the treasurers, agreeably to the act of parliament obtained by the company.

In the progress of the concern he has not scrupled to make use of every artifice to obtain his purposes ; but has constantly dared to insult the proprietors by acting in direct opposition to their resolutions. He not only procured his own son and a person employed in his office, together with several other persons intimately connected with him, to be nominated members of the committee, but even returned a false list of names as proprietors, who had in fact no interest in the concern, that by their votes he might obtain a majority to sanction whatever proceedings he might chuse to adopt. At the same time he has received money for shares,* of which he has given

* His brother projector, W. R. H. Brown, *Esquire*, attempted, at the meeting at the Virginia Coffee House, on the 20th Sept. 1809, to form an excuse for him in this instance. If *Squire*

no account, and the names of the purchasers of which do not appear in the list of proprietors. With all these facts he has been publicly charged at the various meetings of the company, and has not ventured to deny them! Indeed most of them appear upon the face of the recorded proceedings.

But he has himself, in the account which he has delivered to the company, drawn his own character in such indelible lines of audacity and glaring colours of unprincipled extortion, that no additional touches which we could give, could possibly heighten the effect which it must produce. We shall therefore submit an exact copy of this extraordinary original to the consideration of our readers. When unable any longer to evade the peremptory order of the proprietors to pay the money, which he had received, into the hands of their treasurer, he delivered in the annexed account, as a set-off against their demand.

Brown should have any *particular* reason now for *sympathizing* on this charge with *Squire Dodd*!

The Company of Proprietors of the intended Vaurhall Bridge, in Account with Mr. Ralph Dodd, Engineer.*
Dr. Cr.

1808.		£70 0 0	37 16 7	34 8 6	68 13 6	10 14 6	722 19 0	4500 0 0	58 15 4	£5503 7 5	13 7 5	£5503 7 5
July 26.	To Cash paid Thomas Henderson, for Tavern Bills	£70 0 0										
Dec. 3.	To ditto—Mr. Broad, Solicitor		37 16 7									
1809.												
Jan.	To ditto—Chas. Spilsbury for Printing			34 8 6								
	To ditto—Chas. Smith, for Engraving				68 13 6							
	To ditto—John Abraham, for Printing					10 14 6						
	To ditto—R. Dodd, sundries as per Bill						722 19 0					
	To ditto—Commission to R. Dodd, for project- ing the Bridge, and making Plans, &c. at Two and a half per Cent. on 180,000l.							4500 0 0				
	To ditto—John Taylor, for Advertisements								58 15 4			
										£5503 7 5		
	To Balance due to Mr. R. Dodd										13 7 5	

By a 5 per Cent. Instalment received on } £5490 0 0
1098 Shares
By Balance due to R. Dodd } 13 7 5

* Besides the above moderate Account the Solicitor has delivered in his Bill, amounting to 2481l. 5s. 3d.

Is it not almost incredible that any man should be so hardened by effrontery ? Upon what possible pretence can he charge this commission of two and a half *per cent.* upon the *whole* proposed capital of the company ? for *drawing* plans, &c. ? most egregious artist. How much superior in value must these *drawings* be to the most *highly prized* productions of the Flemish and Italian schools ! Four thousand five hundred pounds for drawing the *plan* of the bridge ! At this rate the whole capital would not have sufficed to pay him for superintending the execution. But it is really idle to comment on such hardihood in impudence, such a caricature of audacity : though even this insult to common modesty was aggravated, by a proposition on the part of the projector to relinquish the balance of 13l. 7s. 5d. upon receiving a legal discharge from the proprietors.

The indignation which this transaction could not but excite in those who were animated with the least portion of sense or principle, was expressed so strongly and so generally as to cause the expulsion, or in politer phrase, the resignation of the projector and his whole family. Still the money, between five and six thousand pounds, remains in his hands ; but he has offered to submit the matter to reference ; refusing, however, to pay the money, as required by the proprietors, to abide the issue of the reference. If he cannot, then, be compelled now to pay the money, what security is there that he either will or shall be able to do so, when the referees shall have set aside his claim ? Yet in this shuffling evasion has he been countenanced by his fellow-projector, *Squire Brown*, and those acting with him as commissioners of the company ; for they have stated in their official report that they consider the projector's proposal as perfectly fair : nay *Squire Brown* went so far at the meeting of proprietors held at

the Virginia coffee house, as to encourage the projector to resist their demands by putting a denial into his mouth ; “ We cannot compel Mr. Dodd,” said he, “ to refund the money ; if we bring an action against him the matter will be referred to some arbitrator ; if we file a bill in chancery, it must go to the master : so that we have no resource but to accept Mr. Dodd’s proposal. We have no means of forcing him to pay the money if he does not chuse to do so ; and that he will not do, will you, Mr. Dodd ?” To this question, so proper from a commissioner, the projector, who with unblushing confidence had dared to appear at the meeting, and stood unmoved by the contemptuous sneers of all around him, answered, “ No !” Of such a man can it be necessary to say another word ?

Of his hopeful progeny we shall say a little ; they have already proved themselves by their actions worthy such a sire. One has distinguished himself by his dealings with the proprietors of the Portsea water-works, whom he has charged three thousand pounds as a fee to a triumvirate committee appointed by himself, and by his own authority, consisting of his father, himself and one other person : and to whom he has modestly offered the continuance of his services at an annual salary of five hundred pounds, exclusive of expences, which might probably amount to about as much more. The other son has rendered himself no less notorious as the projector of the Strand bridge and the improvement of the Kent and Surry great avenue : he is moreover, as well befits so notable a squire, a most learned student of the art of dueiling, and can split a bullet on the edge of a knife at twenty paces distant, or pare the claws of a sparrow flying, so that he is prepared to defend his impudent speculations and extortions in the field, whenever he can meet with any of so mean a spirit, as to place themselves on a level with so contemptible an object.

A BRIEF REPLY TO W. R. H. BROWN.

The nation then too late will find
 Directors' promises but wind—
 At best a mighty BUBBLE. SWIFT.

ONCE more, and probably for the last time, for we would not exhaust the patience of our readers on such unworthy subjects, we summons W. R. H. Brown, *Esquire*, projector, &c. to the bar of the public. The terms in which we have hitherto spoken of this man we conceive to be lenient and dispassionate; we had no intention to exercise our severity upon him, because we thought that we might serve the public as well by a milder course: it was only as a projector that we could consider him as entitled to notice, and it was therefore his projects only that we sought to expose, and not the man. Had he still pursued his original occupation as a drudge writer in an obscure attorney's office; had he still retained the office of clerk of a ward, to which he was afterwards promoted, or the situation of newspaper clerk which he next obtained, whatever his conduct might have been in so mean and circumscribed a sphere, it could not have come to our knowledge; and if by any chance it had, as the public could be no way interested in it, we could have had no motive for making it known. But since, by his various projects he has contrived to scramble from this low obscurity to an eminence, where he has in trust millions of the property of his fellow-subjects, it becomes a duty, incumbent on all, to watch his motions with the narrowest scrutiny; and if any thing improper or even suspicious were observed in his conduct,

they would be deficient in common honesty who should see and not divulge it. Such has been our motive for watching the proceedings of this man, and such our only reason for publishing our observations.

Yet this man has complained of our having dealt harshly and unfairly with him. At a public meeting,* when called upon to answer to the charges which we had made against him, he evaded the question by misrepresentation and abuse. "I know," said he, for we took notes of what he did say, "I know that I have many *political* and *domestic* enemies. But I am an honest man, gentlemen, I assure you I am. But am I to be stabbed in the back by *hired* scribblers, and then be called upon to answer whatever *lies* they chuse to invent of me? A parcel of malicious, scandalous, scribbling assassins! I know who it is sets them on; but whilst I have something here," (thumping his breast very energetically) "I don't care nothing for what they can say of me. If they can get half-a-crown to buy them a dinner, by making use of my name, they are very welcome to it. Besides, these scribblers are anonymous assassins, and I trust I am in the hands of Englishmen, who won't suffer anonymous villains to take my good name from me."

Since then this man has had the boldness to challenge the verdict of the public, let the public pronounce sentence between him and us. For we must not allow him to deceive himself by imagining that the partial clamour of his partizans, which greeted him on the close of his eloquent harangue, nor the grateful rant of the silly old chymist, who had just before been appointed by his influence one of the Vauxhall committee, constitute a verdict of acquittal. If he should find that by the temerity of his

* A meeting of the proprietors of the Vauxhall Bridge Company, held at the Virginia Coffee House, Sept. 20, 1809.

defence he has only provoked a greater severity of censure he will have only himself to blame.

We shall not here enter into a defence of the remarks which we have occasionally made upon the project for insuring the lives of cattle ; they arose naturally out of the absurdity of the scheme, which has at length become so apparent that it is abandoned. The projector, therefore, has no more right to be discontented with us for ridiculing the defects of his plan, than a bad architect would have to complain of a man who should point out the insecurity and danger of his building, just in time to save a number of people from being crushed to death beneath its ruins. What we have published respecting his conduct in the Golden Lane Brewery was merely by way of comment on printed statements published by himself ; but he knows that we need not have confined ourselves to comment ; he must be conscious that we could have said much more : when he feels already how intimately we know his most secret practices, he will scarcely flatter himself that we are not aware of the means by which the shares in that concern were raised so much above their original price, and of the cause of the subsequent depreciation. Even he will give us credit for forbearance in this instance ; though for ourselves we own that it is ' a gentleness which duty blames.'

But he has dared to deny the truth of our statement of his conduct as projector and chairman of the Hope Insurance Company.* To this then we will confine ourselves ; as this will be sufficient to shew the audacity of the man. He has many *political* and *domestic* enemies, he says ; what he may mean by this we really are at a loss to comprehend : if he has *domestic* enemies he may be pitied for his misfor-

* See our last Number, MODERN PROJECTORS.

tune, but it is not easy to see what the public has to do with his family disputes; except indeed as the circumstance may afford a means of estimating his character, which they who know it best like least. As to the *political* enemies of such a man, whose politics no one knows or cares about, it were mere idleness to talk of them. It is the characteristic of a weak and vain man to suspect that he occupies as much of the thoughts and consideration of others as of his own. But we will pass from what he says of himself and his honesty, to what he says of us. He has called us *hired* scribblers. If, judging from himself he feels it so difficult to be persuaded voluntarily to tell the truth, he may amuse himself with thinking that we have been hired to do it: we know, however, that he would have been still better pleased to have found us so venal as to accept his offers to repress it. But we have *invented lies* of him he says. If the man's effrontery were not equal to his folly, the following simple statement of facts might raise a blush even upon *his* cheek.

It will be recollected that in detailing the account of the projector's proceedings in our last number, we premised that we should abstain as much as possible from comment, advancing nothing but facts, which we were ready to support by authentic documents. We produced extracts from the deed of settlement, which forms the code by which the Hope Insurance company is governed; we produced extracts from official papers written by order of the projector, and we stated the mode by which he obtained for himself £,000l. out of the public funds of the company. The deed, the papers, the receipt of the money he cannot deny: and if there had been any incorrectness in our detail he had the means of pointing it out, by publishing the papers at length to which we referred. But was there any such error for him to catch at?

His own conduct on the occasion will best answer that. He was startled at a sight so strange to him as the truth; and he was terrified at the ruin that would attend the exposure of his practices. He instantly repaired to the committee of the company, and by his order our statement was read by the secretary. The secretary was then ordered to retire; when the projector declared that it must be evident to all that the information contained in our paper must have been given by a director of the company, since many of the circumstances stated had taken place at their most secret meetings, from which even their secretary had been excluded. He demanded, therefore, that a special meeting of directors should be summoned, when each member should be required upon his honour to declare, whether or not he had supplied the information contained in the statement of the Satirist. This was agreed to; and previously to this next meeting the projector, attended by his attorney, called upon our printer, and endeavoured by threats to force from him the name of the author of what he denominated the libel on himself. What could induce him to take so silly a step we are unable to imagine; but passion had bewildered him, and every step he took only served to lead him farther astray. His rage, inflamed to the highest pitch by the exposure of his proceedings, knew no bounds, and breaking forth in virulent and low abuse at the meeting of directors which he had called, defeated the very purpose for which he had convened it. How then did he feast his fancy with the hope of wreaking on us the bitterest vengeance of the law. Yet even this hope has now failed him, and all that remains for him is to affect a total disregard of public censure, and an impenetrable callosity, in which the severest caustic can excite no sensation. If our statements had been lies of our own invention, as for

his own convenience he now chuses to say, how chanced it that he was so certain that they must have proceeded from one of the directors, as being facts only known to them? By this one declaration, by this accusation of the directors, he has himself affixed his seal to the truth of our assertions, which no subsequent efforts can remove. He stands self-convicted.

As to the liberty, which he has kindly given us to make use of his name, if it will serve us to get half-a-crown, we have only to say that, if he had got no more by speculating on public credulity than we are likely to get by warning the public against him, we could not have raised even half-a-crown on the credit of his name.

But he says our statement is anonymous; that however cannot affect its truth; and if it had been false, the law had furnished him with the means of ascertaining the author, or punishing the publisher. Why then does he hesitate to take legal vengeance? From motives of dignified contempt? This can hardly be the case since he has already taken legal advice on the subject, and would fain have persuaded each of the directors to commence actions of libel against us. What then deters him? Mercy to us? No; apprehension for himself, the dread of a still more public exposure.

Has he not good reason to apprehend that we should make known some other practices, which—but we will now dismiss him; addressing a few parting words to him by way of caution. We know none so applicable as those which Tully thundered in the ears of the audacious and unblushing Catiline.

Quousque tandem abutere patientiâ nostrâ? quamdiu etiam furor iste tuus nos eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? patere tua consilia non sentis? nihil agis, nihil moliris, nihil cogitas, quod ego non modò non audiam, sed etiam videam, planèque sentiam. Jam intelliges multò me vigilare acrius ad salutem, quam te ad perniciem reipublicæ.

ANECDOTES, EPIGRAMS, &c.

On a Lady's presenting the Author a Piece of Fustian, to make him a Pair of Shooting Breeches, on the 1st of September, which was her Birth-Day.

WHILE all on this auspicious day,
Well pleased their grateful homage pay,
And sweetly smile, and softly say
A thousand tender speeches,
My Muse shall tune her grateful strings,
Nor scorn the gift her duty brings,
Tho' humble be the theme she sings—
—A pair of shooting breeches.

Soon shall the tailor's sutable art
Have made them tight, and spruce, and smart,
And fastened well in every part,
With twenty thousand stitches:—
But mark the moral of my song:
Oh, may my love but prove as strong,
And wear as well, and last as long,
As these my shooting breeches !

And when to ease this load of life
Of private care and public strife,
Fate shall have given me a wife,
I ask nor rank, nor riches :
For worth like thine alone I pray,
Temper like thine serene and gay,
And formed, like thee, to give away,
Not wear herself—the breeches.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

We understand that an HEROIC POEM will shortly appear, which will be entitled, "THE PAINS OF JEALOUSY." The principal incidents of the poem, we hear, are founded on the extraordinary jealousy excited in the fair bosoms of two city dames, by the heroine of Westbourne-place, during her late literary negociation. The poem, we suppose, will have something of the colouring of romance, and chivalric character, as a *Knight* and his *Squire* are two of the principal heroes of the tale. We have heard it whispered, we know not with what authority, that it is to be printed by GILLET, and published by Sir Richard Phillips.

A BAD SUBJECT.

HAYLEY's subjects are barren, and heavy, and old,

Say the wits; and his works are laid by on the shelf.

Can any one wonder at this, who is told

That his principal subject is always himself?

COBBETT AND HAMPDEN.

While Cobbett professed loyalty, and exerted his talents in defence of the constitution of his country, many persons were induced to overlook, in some measure, the coarseness and brutality of his manners, and forgave him his former misdemeanors in consideration of his apparent contrition and reform. Honorable men, therefore, occasionally associated with him. He was one day at this period, shooting in company with a gentleman, who is descended from Hampden, near a spot which had been distinguished by some action of that illustrious patriot. The gentleman alluded to the circumstance, and at the same time mentioned his affinity to that boast of his country. The patriot reformer, the honest *Mister Cob-*

bett was shocked at the name of the republican, and exclaimed, with his accustomed delicacy; "Hampden! related to Hampden! I wonder you are not ashamed to own yourself related to such an infamous scoundrel!" Even Cobbett, practised in lies as he is, will not venture to deny the truth of this anecdote, which the descendant of Hampden still lives to confirm.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The *point* of Cantabrigiensis' epigram has been blunted by frequent use.

Benedicta's favor is under consideration: she must not be offended if our judgment somewhat cools our gallantry.

We are sorry that the parishioners of St. Olaves have such complaints to make; but we would advise them to apply for redress to their Bishop: it is a business in which we cannot interfere to any good purpose.

We thank W. H. G. for his communication; but we cannot insert any thing which is not perfectly original.

We have given the SAINTS a further respite; but we beg them to believe that we have not forgotten them: we shall find a time to do them justice.

We have received an anonymous double letter from Manchester, the writer of which, if it were worth our pains, we might easily trace to Bristol; but we only notice it to say that the double postage, with which, as the writer expected, we were charged, has been returned to us at *the general post office*, upon exhibiting the contents of the letter; so that even in this petty attempt of his malice, or we should rather say revenge, the writer has been foiled by his own folly. In pity of his weakness and ignorance, however, we advise him to beware of anonymous letters in future; for as he has not sense to word them cautiously, he may chance to subject himself to the penalties of the statute which has constituted the offence of writing threatening anonymous letters *felony without benefit of clergy*.

Being on the subject of postage, we take this opportunity to observe that in future we shall take in no communications from any of our correspondents but such as are *post-paid*.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA!

Spanish Heroism, or the Battle of Roncesvalles, a Metrical Romance. By John Belfour, Esq., Author of *Music*, a Didactic Poem, 8vo. Vernor, Hood, and Sharpe, Constable, and Co. and Booker. 1809.

To deny the praise of literary excellence to a writer whose patriotism and modesty are so manifest as those of Mr. Belfour, is a task as disagreeable as it is invidious, and we should, therefore, have dismissed "the Battle of Roncesvalles" from our perusal in silence had not our respect for those qualities which Mr. Belfour really possesses, excited us to prevent, if possible, any future misapplication of his talents. However deficient he may be in the higher requisites of poetical excellence, he has displayed on more than one occasion a respectable portion of historical and critical ability, and we exhort him therefore to relinquish the painful, and fruitless toil of grinding any longer at his poetical mill, and be content with the humble but profitable manufacture of simple prose.

Mr. Belfour is a most outrageous imitator of Mr. Scott; but he does not confine himself, like the rest of his imitative brethren, to the form of his stanza, or the modulation of his verse, but sometimes takes the liberty of bor-

rowing whole passages, with scarcely any other alteration than what is required to make them assimilate with the context. The following verses from the opening of the poem will justify our remarks.

" *Day broke on Pampeluna's towers,
And with refulgent beam
Dispersed of night the shadowy hours,
That played round Arga's stream :*

" *While full on the astonished sight,
The Pyrenean mountains, dight
With genial rays of liquid light,
Disclosed their giant form.*

" *The gales that wind the castled steep,
Spread its bright colours o'er the keep,
Where doomed the fate of war to weep,
Lay many a Moer o'erthrown."*

Spanish Heroism, Canto 1.

*Day set on Norham's castled steep
And Tweed's fair river, broad, and deep,
On Cheviot's mountains lone,
The battled towers, the Doujon keep
The loop-hole grates where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone, &c.*

Marmion, Canto 1.

These instances are innumerable, and nothing can be more unsupportable than a feeble copy of such a poem as *Marmion*; if Mr. Scott be quaint, or extravagant, his quaintness and extravagance are at least original, and in the indulgence of a peculiar, and affected mode of writing he sometimes elicits a happy line, or a beautiful idea. But Mr. Belfour has copied many of his faults, without his wildness, or originality; his verses are not the productions of an ardent and enthusiastic mind, of which

the operations are too violent for restraint, or regulation, but the laboured productions of a cold imagination employed in the systematic imitation of a bad model.

There are some occasions, indeed, in which he forgets his master, and appears as himself. But he is always one of those whom neither "gods, nor men, nor columns raise on high;" he never rises above the level of a skilful versifier; he has neither "thoughts that breathe, nor words that burn." It is sufficient for him that his lines are composed of eight or ten syllables, that *gleam* rhymes to *beam*, and *train*, to *Charlemagne*. The absence of his hero "*sorely prest*," the fair Olympia's "*gentle breast*," not because there was any absolute necessity for its so doing, but because *prest* and *breast* had a very pretty sound when tagged to the end of two parallel lines. With due submission, however, we should have supposed that Bernado was more likely to *press* Olympia's bosom when at home, than when opposing the progress of *Charlemagne*.

Of all the species of English metre there is none so flattering to the indolence of an author as the irregular stanza of Mr. Scott. Its facility is such, that all terseness of expression, or energy of thought is lost or overwhelmed in the unpremeditated flow of exuberant versification. If an idea cannot be conveniently compressed in two lines, it is readily extended into three, and where the thought itself will not admit of such wire-drawn extension, the want of sense is easily supplied by redundancy of epithet, and verbosity of diction.

Mr. Belfour's verses have in general the negative merit of being coldly correct. He does not possess much delicacy of ear, but seems to have studied Byshe's *Art of Poetry*, with as much attention as George Dyer. That no study, however, will supply the deficiencies of taste and genius, is sufficiently apparent from the laboured effu-

sions of both, and of the two we give the preference to Mr. Belfour.

His original pieces are, however, considerably better than his garbled plagiarisms from Mr. Scott, and that we may not dismiss either the author or our readers in bad humour, we shall extract the following ballad, which is neither deficient in spirit, harmony, nor elegance.

"The beams of morn in ruddy lustre break,—
The lark ascending pours his jocund strain,
The shepherd binds their lowly cots forsake,
And lead their flocks excursive o'er the plain;
All hearts to pleasure, and to love incline;
While I in Luna's towers unheeded pine,
And mourn departed joys that once were mine.

"Born in the lap of care, of wealth possess;
Honour, renown, and pageantry, and state,
Adorned life's opening scene; with beauty blest,
Great was my rapture, and serene my fate;
But soon the vision fled;—when silence reigns,
Condemned to sad captivity, and chains,
Keen is my anguish, poignant are my pains.

"Thus rest of all I priz'd;—on earth held dear,
Ah! what do sorrows, what do tears avail?
Deaf to my plaint the love-lorn swains appear,
No wanderer's stay beguiles my woe-fraught tale;
But death I trust will soon my eyelids close,
In kind compassion to a wretch's woes,
And in the grave my tortured frame repose."

"Know thyself," was the first heathen precept of morality, and may be applied with as much advantage to the proper estimation of our literary powers as of our human frailties. We have no doubt that Mr. Belfour while engaged in the composition of this poem, felt all

the enthusiasm that the subject was formerly calculated to inspire ; and it is not wonderful that he should mistake the zeal of patriotism for the ardor of inspiration. Nothing can be more humiliating to the pride of the human intellect than the disparity between its powers, and its efforts, between the vehemence of our own emotions and the feelings that we are able to excite in the breasts of others. The examples of genuine poetical excellence are so rare, that it is always safest to suppose that we are not in the number of the "gifted few." To attain even mediocrity as a poet is beyond the hopes of the majority of mankind, and even this mediocrity when attained is so worthless and contemptible, that he who would sacrifice a single moment to its acquisition is more worthy of pity for his infatuation than contempt for his imbecility.

Miss Edgeworth's Fashionable Tales. Concluded from
p. 287.

ALMERIA the heroine of the second tale is the daughter of a Yorkshire grazier, who by a series of unexpected incidents is torn from the arms of her friends and the peaceful tranquillity of a country life to mingle in all the extravagances of fashionable dissipation. Even in this tale, however, there is nothing peculiarly characteristic of the sphere in which the heroine is made to move. She is to all intents and purposes a country miss with the hauteur of a vulgar fine lady. The scenes into which she is introduced are described with a brevity or an indistinctness that proves Miss Edgeworth to be unacquainted with the manners of fashionable society, or deficient in that delicacy of touch, and grace of outline, which are necessary to their accurate delineation. We are astonished that a lady who displays in almost

every part of these volumes so much genuine humour, and so much correctness of judgment, should have inserted a piece of composition so totally destitute of every quality of wit and originality as old Hodgkinson's will. That some of her readers may be inclined to laugh at such a production we have no doubt, but we are afraid that much of their merriment would be at the expence of the authoress herself. To the lovers of curiosities, however, the following extract will not be totally unacceptable.

" Copy from the last page of the Cookery Book.

" I, John Hodgkinson, of Vetch Field, East riding of Yorkshire, Grazier, and so forth, not choosing to style myself Gentleman, though entitled so to do, do hereby certify that when I can find an honest attorney it is my intention to make my will and to leave"

" Here the testator's memorandum was interrupted, by a receipt in a diminutive female hand; seemingly written some years before.

" Mrs. Turnbull's receipt infallible for all aches, bruises, and strains."

" Take a handful of these herbs following.—Wormwood, sage, Broom-flowers, Clowns all-heals, Chickweed, Camphrey, Birch, two ounces sweet Margarum, &c. &c. &c."

" (Beneath this valuable recipe Mr. Hodgkinson's testamentary dispositions continue as follows.)

" All I am worth in the world, real or personable"

" To Collar a Pig."

" Take a young fat Pig." &c. &c. &c.

Miss Edgeworth obligingly informs us that the receipt of which the above is an extract " was copied from a family receipt book in her possession." This we can easily believe, for the writer of this article, though not an

old batchelor, has in his possession no fewer than *half a dozen* equally curious, and equally entertaining. Yet whether he shall ever submit them to the world either in the original state, or interlarded between the paragraphs of a literary legacy to Miss Edgeworth, he shall not venture to foretel.

Of the other tales "*Manœuvring*," is decidedly the best, not only for the complication of its incidents, but for the diversity of its characters, and the utility of its moral. Mrs. Beaumont is one of those miserable beings, who "*take chocolate by stratagem*," and who lays a thousand schemes, and practices a thousand manœuvres to accomplish an object which is already within her reach. It is needless to add that her character is delineated with considerable skill, and that her punishment is exemplary.

The principal constituent of Miss Edgeworth's intellectual powers is good sense. If she never astonishes by the splendour of her language, or the brilliance of ideas, she seldom excites laughter or displeasure by any flagrant violation of good taste, or propriety. She seems to have an intuitive perception of the *decens* atque decorum. Her imagination is always subservient to her judgment, and her efforts always proportioned to her abilities.

But the praise of literary excellence, however it may flatter the vanity of other writers, is but of secondary value when applied to the composition of Miss Edgeworth. She deserves the higher, and less envied eulogy of directing all her exertions to the cultivation of the intellect, and the inculcation of virtuous principles. In the present age of literary licentiousness, when almost every novelist of our own sex is an infidel, and every female who aspires to celebrity as an authoress thinks it necessary to

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glitter for a while in the previous character of a h——t, it is pleasing to contemplate the productions of a writer whose heart is as pure, as her talents are transcendent, and who, with the power to instruct and to delight the highest capacity, is neither ashamed nor unable to be useful to the lowest.

Voyages and Travels to India, Ceylon, the Red Sea, Abyssinia and Egypt, in the Years 1802—06. By George Viscount Valentia. In three Volumes 4to. Millar.

FROM the period in which the great Lemuel Gulliver performed the part of a stranger in Lilliput, down to the present era, when the Munckhausen exploits of Orlando, or even of Charlemagne's twelve peers are equalled by our modern knights errant, who appear to be "strangers" both "abroad and at home," although many lords have presented themselves to public notice in the guise of *travellers*, it is but seldom we have had the good luck to view them as *voyagers*. A work of this kind, may then fairly be considered as a species of non-descript, and will certainly entitle its noble author to rank as a "sailor amongst lords;" how far the *converse* will apply must, however, be matter for future investigation.

When Gulliver proceeded on *his* wonderful voyages, he had this peculiar disadvantage, that being the first on that route, he had nobody to contradict, a circumstance which would be singularly distressing to some of our modern maritime tourists; this, however, was perhaps, counterbalanced by an opposite good, that he could have no follower to contradict *him*; the novelty of *his* adventures indeed rendered it unnecessary for him to have recourse to *itinerant criticism*. We were not a little surprized, however, to find Lord V. though but a *young* voyager commence *his* nautical criticisms even before he crossed

the line, nay venture sometimes on observations at which a seaman would smile, particularly if he hazarded the following on the quarter-deck: "She beats every thing near her, and is only five hundred and forty tons, yet moves through the water *with very little effort*, though the swell is at this moment considerable." This noble voyager soon after seems to have made a most important *discovery*: speaking of Madeira and Porto Santo, he says, "all the *maps*, except Arrowsmith's, are incorrect in the position of these islands. Laurie and Whittle place them above half a degree too far north. Heather's error is less; but Arrowsmith stands pre-eminent here, as in every other point of geographical accuracy." This is certainly a very broad assertion, we would recommend his lordship, however, to examine Mr. A.'s *maps* of the West Indies and of Africa, he will there discover proofs of this *superior* accuracy, in the island of Sombrero, a dangerous island with shoals, lying midway between Anguilla and Anegada, being entirely omitted, though in the fair way of our homeward-bound West Indiamen, whilst of the Comorro islands between Madagascar and the coast of Mosambique, the island of Angazeica seems to have been swallowed up by the merciless ocean.

On his landing at Madeira, this *furor contradictandi* again seizes him:

"I was surprized, after the different accounts I had read, to find that there was not even so much surf on the beach as there is usually at Deal. We landed without the least difficulty; and after being politely hustled by a posse of English merchants, their clerks, and partners, enquiring for letters, and after having gone through the usual forms of producing our passports, &c. we proceeded to the house of the consul."

Now if his lordship had been unfortunate enough to

have arrived in Funchal roads with a *southerly* wind, this piece of criticism would have been lost ; as to the *polite hustling* of the English factory, he ought to recollect that they were men of business, and did not perhaps know they were jostling a lord on the beach at Funchal, a *thing* so very frequent on the beach at Brighton. On his arrival in this *foreign* country, our noble author commences his botanical researches, a science which, with the collection of shells, seems to have been one of his principal objects in this *voyage of discovery*. From an observation which here *slips* from his pen, a casual reader might suspect that he had been seeking for the *shamrock* on the rocks of Madeira.

“ After dinner I was much gratified and surprized by the sight of the *wild English strawberry*. I was informed that a short time since, it had been discovered on the north side of the island, totally neglected and despised by the lazy inhabitants.”

That is, the *English* strawberry is found *indigenous* in Madeira, a paradox which we hope will be solved in the next volume of transactions from the Linnean society.

The Indiaman being destined for St. Helena, our voyagers took the eastern passage to that island, then called at the Cape, and after the usual occurrences arrived at Calcutta, where the governor-general afforded Lord V. every facility for his tour into the interior. In this part of the journal there is an easy minuteness of detail and a sprightliness of description which transport the reader to the very spot, and present such an animated picture of Anglo-Asiatic manners, as to tempt us almost to dash our pen through the foregoing strictures, yet we cannot help noticing even here the following *curious* piece of information. “ The day was tolerably pleasant, owing to a *north wester* which had cooled the air,” and this *north wester* is explain-

ed in a note as being so called in India, "*because it always comes from that point of the compass ;*" precisely, we presume, on the same principle on which the *black bird* has received its name in England !

We are next told of a singular analogy between some of the eastern customs and our own.

" I learned that the badness of my bearers was owing to my travelling at the latter end of the *Huli*, a festival kept up with great spirit by the native Hindoos and Mahomedans, in celebration of the vernal season. It is singular that one of the amusements is what is called in *England* making April fools ;—to end the festival, they make themselves so completely drunk, that business is quite out of the question, till a night's rest has rendered them capable of returning to their duty."

This *latter* part of the ceremony might perhaps have reminded his Lordship of *another* country, where in his younger days, he might have seen it closely imitated. In this tour, his Lordship was received with the highest honours by the native princes, yet his own *native* gallantry towards beauty, overcomes in some instances even the fascination of rank. At a very amusing interview with the Mirza Jewar at Benares, he tells us,

' On entering the gate a salute was fired. We here quitted our palanquins and perceived the Prince in the Dewan Khanah, waiting our approach. It is a small room ; elevated a few feet from the ground, open on three sides and supported by pillars ; on the fourth a purdah (curtain) was stretched across, behind which was seated his mother. I instantly presented to her a nazur of nineteen gold mohurs in a white handkerchief. I handed them through a hole in the purdah, which being tolerably large, I contrived to get a peep at the old lady, who was little and rather fair ; I should have preferred the view of some of the

owners of fine black eyes that I saw playing at hide and seek through the different holes, but it was impossible."

What a pity that Asiatic jealousy should thus prevent the investigation not only of natural philosophy, but also of natural curiosity; yet Lord V. ought to recollect that *other lords* have paid pretty dear for a game at hide and seek behind the curtain! In concluding his account of this visit, his Lordship adds,

"I omitted to mention one circumstance of oriental etiquette; in paying my respects, my titles were not announced by a servant, from an Asiatic courtesy, which supposed me of so high rank that I must be known to the prince."

Of a younger brother of this descendant of Timour, he tells us that when visited by Lord Wellesley, he never advanced to meet his Lordship; when the English resident asked his chief confidential servant what he could mean by such absurd and inconsistent conduct, being actually a pensioner on the company, he replied "he has the wind of royalty in him, and does not know whether he stands on his head or his feet."

Lord V. proceeds to tell us on his arrival at Lucknow,

"his excellency (the nabob) much amused me by the account he gave of the manner in which my arrival was announced to him by the messenger, whom he placed purposely on the road: 'Lord Sahib kabhanja, Company ki nawasa, teshriff laia,' literally translated, 'The Lord (Wellesley's) sister's son, and the grandson of Mrs. Company is arrived.' These titles originated from a belief of the natives that the India company is an old woman, and the governors-general are her children!"

At a dinner party with the nabob, his lordship was first introduced into the garden of the Zenana; he says,

"We were seated in a verandah and the eunuchs passed to and fro, bringing polite messages from the old lady (the Bhegum) with thanks for the compliment of the visit. With her reside her virgin daughters, some of whom are upwards of forty years old. After sitting a proper time, presents as usual were produced, and I accepted two shawls from the old lady. We then walked close to the Zenana, probably that its inmates might have an opportunity of more closely *examining the Lord Sahib.*"

In describing the dinner, his Lordship has occasion to make an observation at which some of our brother journalists are much offended, but which we think deserves serious consideration.

"Mrs. ——— and Mrs. ——— came with their husbands; I confess that I think nothing can be so highly disgusting as to see women mixing in society with Mahometans; it is so contrary to the principles of the latter, who can only have a contempt for them, and consider them as on a level with the nautch (dancing) girls. This was pretty plainly exemplified in the course of the day, for Mrs. ——— having seated herself next to the (Mahomedan) general, he drew back his chair, and desired she would not come so near him. She had the imprudence to ask him several questions about his wife, to which he only replied by begging her not to talk so improperly!"

From Bengal, Lord V. proceeds by sea to Ceylon, but it is beyond our limits to notice this part of the work farther than that he contradicts *Percival* very roundly in many points. Of the state of society between the English and Dutch, he tells us,

"the Governor gave a ball to introduce me to the Dutch ladies, but they had taken prodigious offence at a character given of them in a work lately published by an English officer, and would not therefore visit an English governor. These ladies had before a

dispute with his excellency, because he had presumed to ask them to a ball before he had asked them to dinner. This horrible breach of etiquette they resisted, but with little success, for he obliged them to yield, and then gave them a dinner."

Little satisfaction can indeed be enjoyed by Englishmen with the ladies brought up in Dutch settlements; upon them, however, the following seems rather a malapropos reflection. In describing some of the native entertainments,

"two days afterwards we attempted it again, when the Governor had unfortunately invited several ladies, who were pleased to fancy themselves so shocked by the appearance of some apparently naked savages that we were obliged to prevent them from finishing a dance which from the beginning, I thought would have turned out good;"

Now we are not much surprized that the ladies should be pleased to fancy themselves so shocked, as part of this famous entertainment actually consisted in two ludicrous figures of a man and woman going to bed together.

In Ceylon as in other places, his lordship's rank, seems to have been thought of by the natives nearly as much as by himself; in his progress through the island he says,

"One man gave me every title he could conceive, some few of which I could understand; I was the Lord Saib, Burrah Saib, Rajah Saib, Acha Lord Saib, and an infinity of other names that I had never before heard."

From Ceylon our noble traveller crosses over to the Coromandel coast, calls at Madrass, and proceeds over land through the Mysore country to Seringapatam, and so on to Mangalore on the Malabar coast, where one of the company's cruizers was ordered to attend his orders, for a

survey of the Red Sea, by direction of the governor-general. In this overland route, he makes an observation which though not strictly novel, is yet worthy of notice; it is, that within the territories of the company, the natives are much more uncivil than in any other part of India. This his lordship very justly considers is a species of *John Bullism*, and entirely owing to the independance which they feel from the equal protection of the British law; and indeed we are told by other travellers that it equals the sturdy obstinacy of the English farmer, nay that they will often refuse to sell provisions, though the natives of other districts will offer refreshments without even expecting a return.

Thus closes the first volume, with little more than the investigation of an already beaten track, but the second opens with what his lordship seems to consider as little short of a voyage of actual discovery.

Our observations on this part of the work, however, we must reserve for our next number.

[*To be continued.*]

THEATRES.

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti. HOR.

IF we should conform with the course which has hitherto been generally pursued in this department of our work, and did not in the present instance step a little beyond the original purpose to which it was directed, our observations might be comprised in a very small space; for though the new theatre of Covent Garden has been opened and plays have been exhibited there for six successive nights, the performance has certainly not been a proper subject of dramatic criticism. The conduct of the managers of this stage is to be examined and judged of, not according to the laws of the drama, but the maxim of trade: we must forego the refinements of criticism for plain calculation and dry matter of fact.

Before, however, we descend from the critic's chair, and enter the area as disputants, that we may not be thought to have entirely neglected the functions of our office, we think it necessary to say something of those theatres which have closed during the last month. Of the HAYMARKET, indeed, we have little to observe, in addition to what we have already said, of the performers and performances there, since nothing new has been produced of either; but we must here repeat the observation which we made on the close of this theatre last year, that unless some reformation takes place in the lobbies and boxes, no person who has the least remains of decency can venture to be seen there. The same riot and licentiousness, which we then reprobated, have been this season repeated with impunity.

At the LYCEUM, in his arduous and spirit d attempt to

establish an ENGLISH OPERA, notwithstanding the numerous difficulties and disadvantages which he has had to encounter, Mr. ARNOLD has succeeded far beyond our expectations: he has produced a succession of entertainments well adapted to the display of native talent, and the popularity they have obtained has made it evident that it was only necessary that a *National Opera* should be thus liberally conducted to obtain the favour and support of a British public. In this undertaking Mr. ARNOLD has been most ably supported by the exertions of his company of performers. Mr. PHILLIPS has sustained the principal vocal department with great ability, and has firmly fixed himself in the favour of the public. His voice is exquisitely sweet and flexible; he sings with uncommon taste and expression, and articulates the words of his songs with admirable delicacy and precision. In his style of acting too there is an archness, and point, and easy grace which no other singer of his eminence possesses, and which entitle him to no ordinary rank as an actor. Mr. HORN, as a singer, possesses much science, and as an actor has continued to improve every night that he has appeared. Of Mr. DOWTON, any thing that we could say could not add to the estimation in which he must be held by all who have taste to appreciate excellence. The principal female performers have been Mrs. MOUNTAIN, Mrs. BISHOP, and Mrs. ORGER. We have already had frequent occasion to express our opinion of the talents of the two first of these ladies, and to what we have formerly said have only now to add that their performances in the English Opera have not diminished the reputation which they had before so justly acquired: but of Mrs. ORGER we had only a partial view till now, and had not an opportunity of doing justice to her merits. She sings and acts with much spirit, grace, and naïveté; her person is ele-

gant; and as she generally happens to personate some character whose graces and beauties are constantly talked of, the illusion is not, as too commonly happens in dramatic representation, destroyed by the real homeliness of the representative.

Since the conclusion of the English Opera the theatre has been re-opened for the performance of regular dramas, under the management, as we understand, of Mr. ARNOLD; but the company has yet scarcely mustered, and we shall therefore only wish them a successful campaign, without at present reviewing their force, or discipline.

If we should speak only of the new Theatre as a work of art, we could scarcely find terms to do justice to the genius and science of Mr. SMIRKE. So majestically impressive is its general effect, as a whole it possesses such simple grandeur and is so beautiful in all its parts, that no one, however little sensible to the graces of architecture, can contemplate it without feelings of delight and admiration. Nor are the impressions which the exterior must excite destroyed or weakened by a view of the interior arrangement of this classic edifice. Statues and casts adorn the staircases and saloons, which are supported by pillars of imitative porphyry and in the decoration of the interior, and the painting of the drop scene, which unites with the audience part of the theatre, Mr. DIXON has eminently displayed that delicacy of taste and execution, by which he is so much distinguished. Every thing, indeed, upon which the eye can rest in this beautiful fabric, is in the purest style of Grecian simplicity.

But the public have not been so dazzled and charmed by the beauties of the place as to be lulled into a quiet acquiescence with the extraordinary demands of the proprietors. The rise in the prices of admission has occasioned a contest, of which it is not yet easy to foresee the

termination ; though after withstanding the popular indignation for six nights the managers have for the present demanded an armistice.

On this subject we think it necessary to make a few observations, without entering into any detail of the particulars of the contest, which has been carried on with much spirit and humour by the public, and opposed with much determined resolution by the proprietors. In this we have been anticipated by the daily prints, and shall therefore confine our remarks to the subject of dispute.

Previous to the opening of the theatre the managers stated that they should be obliged to raise the prices of admission in consequence of the extraordinary expences which they had been put to in rebuilding it, amounting, as they affirmed, to no less a sum than 150,000*l.* This reason the public very naturally rejected because, said they, the managers received 50,000*l.* from the insurance offices, and have let a tier of private boxes for 12,500*l.* so that they have already insured the receipt of 12 and a half per cent. for their money. Besides it was well known that it was intended to pull down the old theatre, if it had not been destroyed by fire ; so that the managers had been gainers by the accident, which they made a plea for their increased demand. When completely beaten from this ground, the managers took up another which they seem resolutely bent to defend. They state, that for a considerable number of years, they have received only six per cent. from the capital, which they have embarked in this concern ; and they put it therefore to the justice of the public, whether this is a reasonable recompense for the trouble which they sustain, and the risk which they encounter. Now, supposing this statement to be true, which yet remains to be proved, it is no more than might

be said by all who employ a large capital in trade: the great brewers do not receive more than *five* per cent. from their business; but this will not be allowed by the public as a reason for raising the price of their beer. But if the speculation has been for such a number of years so unprofitable, what could induce Mr. Kemble, who is much too discreet to have engaged in it without due examination of the state of the property, what could have induced such a man to give 20,000*l.* for only a sixth share of this theatre? Mr. Harris might say that he was engaged in it, and must do the best he could with it, since he could not get out of it; but what could tempt Mr. Kemble to involve his property in a concern so barren and unprofitable? This he will do well to answer. But if the statement be true, if the concern does return only six per cent. and the managers think this a sufficient and unanswerable reason for raising their prices, why was it not assigned in the first place? Why was any other had recourse to? Why were we told of the expences of rebuilding the theatre? This looks suspicious; and it will not be easy to do away the suspicions which such an equivocating mode of proceeding must excite. They talk of submitting their accounts to public inspection. They should have done this before they opened their theatre, that the public might have had time to examine them coolly and dispassionately, and without the suspicions which they must now naturally entertain. They should have done this before they had excited the public indignation by their audacious attempt to carry their purposes into effect, by means of military force, Bow-Street magistrates, and runners, and hired ruffians. On the very first night of performance soldiers were sent into the upper gallery to terrify the people into silence; if they had been resisted, and had in consequence chanced to kill

any person, whoever sent the soldiers there had been guilty of murder. On this same night, apprehensive of the consequences of their attempt, with the most cowardly treachery the managers extinguished every light behind the curtain, and opened all the trap doors; so that if any rash persons carrying their resentment beyond proper limits, had adventured on the stage, they had inevitably been killed, or at least had broken their limbs. Innumerable orders * were poured into the house every night; but even these though aided by the police vainly attempted to overawe the public; whom even the insulting threat of the fire-engines, which were brought forward as if to be played on the audience to cool their ardour, provoked to no act of illegal riot or violence. If a solecism may be allowed, it may truly be said there never was so peaceable a tempest of noise. The public were united by one sentiment, and were unanimously loud in its expression.

But the managers by the conduct they have pursued, have made the public receive with disgust what they might perhaps have otherwise passed over. In one instance, indeed, they have yielded to the popular voice; but the prices, and private boxes are still subjects of contention. Unless they mean to say that the receipts of their theatre, large as it is, if filled by company every night would not at the old prices produce more than six *per cent.* on the capital necessary for conducting it, there may be

* An eminent bookseller in the city, related to Mr. Harris, sent in with orders every night all the printers of the numerous offices in his employ, whom he could persuade to go. But it was notorious at last, that all those, who went with orders, either afraid or ashamed to support the cause for which they received this bribe, joined in the general attempt to resist the managers.

good reason to suspect that their mode of conducting it is the cause of the deficiency of their receipts. If they would provide better entertainment, their house would be more frequented; but they cannot expect that while they provide only the slip-slop trash of the dull jaded writers whom they have in their employ, and while they will not give themselves the trouble even to look at such pieces as are offered to their acceptance, many of which we may well suppose, unless we would insult the genius of our country, must be superior in every dramatic requisite, to the speaking pantomines which they produce, while they do this they must not expect that they will be allowed to take advantage of their own wrong. Even if they should be allowed to raise their prices, it should be only on an express agreement that they shall receive all pieces offered to them, and select for representation such as are best, without favour or affection. While they expect so much from the public generosity, the public has at least a right to expect to be served by them to the best of their abilities. But at all events there is one way by which they may carry their purpose into execution: let them resign their patent, and they may raise their prices as high as they please.

With the *private Boxes* it is very natural that the public should be offended. They occupy the best part of the house, and the conveniences of the other parts have been abridged to make these secret recesses more luxuriously magnificent. Behind each of these boxes there is a *houboir*, fitted up with couches, and every convenience which luxury and indolence can require. These things may be well adapted to the effeminacy and intrigue of a Parisian or Italian theatre; but there is something in them revolting to the British character, and a British audience can never look on them without indignation: and if they

should not be thrown open, which we think the public have a right to demand, we are certain that to any woman who shall have so little regard to her own character as to appear in them, the public voice will apply an appellation, certainly rather unfashionable in itself, but very applicable to fashionable people.

ERRATA.

P. 330, l. 18, for 'view,' read 'trace.'

P. 346, l. 22, for 'happiness,' read 'trappings.'

COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

Non nostrum TANTAS componere lites !—VIRGIL.

Who shall decide when DOCTORS disagree ?—POPE.

1. A History of the Early Part of the Reign of James the Second, by the Right Honourable Charles James Fox.

§. "On the severest principles of criticism, the fragment now presented to us must be allowed to be a *fine* production. In the moral department of the *philosophy of history*, we know no *rival* to it in the English language."—Annual Review.

"This work we think is *invaluable*, not only," &c.—Edinburgh Review.

"—This is the ground on which we feel so solicitous to impress our readers with an adequate sense of the *inestimable* and permanent value of the imperfect remains which we now introduce to their notice. It is for the counsels which these *precious documents* impart," &c. "These were subjects worthy of the pen of Mr. Fox; and of which he has penned accounts that *will not cease to be read* with *lively interest as long as men shall continue to be held together by civil government and social ties.*"—Monthly Review.

"The work of Mr. Fox will *always* be *inestimable*. Whether we term it strictly a history or not, it will be entitled to an *admiration of the highest kind*. As long as the principles of liberty subsist in the breasts of Englishmen, the *fame of Mr. Fox* must endure; and we trust that such a

§ The recurrence of the sectional mark § distinguishes the different classes in which the quotations are arranged, according to their particular subjects.

duration will end only with the ending of the world."—*Beau Monde*.

"It is perhaps owing rather to the circumstances of its publication than to any permanent cause, that this fragment ever took a rank above that of an able *political tract*. Its higher estimation depends, and must depend, upon the *permanence* of *Mr. Fox's fame*, which to us is *very dubious*."—*British Critic* (Preface).

§. "It is a great fault of this writer, that *on many occasions* he has adopted an *oratorical* manner: no two styles can be more distinct than those of *rhetoric* and history.—The style is *uniformly* chaste, simple, and *spirited*."—*Antijacobin Review*.

"The narrative does *not* in general flow with much *spirit* or facility.—There is *nothing* florid or *rhetorical* in the general cast of the diction."—*Edinburgh Review*.

§. "The *reflections* are not only *golden*, but of the *purest gold*. In them there is *no alloy*."—*Critical Review*.

"—How *extremely weak* and *superficial* is the reflection with which this passage is wound up, and for the sake of which chiefly the whole seems to have been written!"—*Annual Review*.

§. "—These shew that the author united the elevated mind of the *sage* with the benign and gentle disposition of the christian. Throughout the whole there is a love of *truth*," &c.—*Critical Review*.

"The *sentiments*, we think, are almost all *just*, and candid, and manly."—*Edinburgh Review*.

"We earnestly recommend this work as better calculated to convey *right feelings* in regard to our history, than any other work which we would recommend either to young or to old."—*Annual Review*.

"—Much more might be urged against this opinion; but I leave it where it is, persuaded as I am, that its *palpable absurdity* counteracts its otherwise *pernicious* tendency.—Let not terms of *dignity* be thus *abused* to the *disgrace* of *language*."—*London Review*.

§. "The noble spirit of *liberty* which pervades every part of the interesting production before us," &c.—Eclectic Review.

"The maxims of *political wisdom* which are abundantly scattered through this volume, are not among its meanest merits. They are those of a TEMPERATE advocate for *constitutional liberty*."—Universal Magazine.

"The sentiments of *pure, rational, unvitiated liberty*, with which the present fragment glows in every page; the *exalted spirit* of *patriotism* which it inspires," &c.—Critical Review.

"We have no hesitation in saying, that this work is written more truly in the spirit of *constitutional freedom*, and of TEMPERATE and PRACTICAL *patriotism*, than any History of which the public is yet in possession."—Edinburgh Review.

"With regard to *public virtue*, the love of which it is so peculiarly the business of the historian to inspire, there is *scarcely any praise* to which Mr. Fox is *not entitled*. It is hardly possible, we think, to read his book, and to rise without a *warmer love* of *one's country* than before."—Annual Review.

"The whole work is strongly tinctured with principles, the *truth* of which abstractedly we should *not* be inclined to *admit*, and the *danger* of which in PRACTICE is *certain and obvious*.—One of the most obvious defects that pervades the whole work, is the VIOLENCE of *party-spirit* which it exhibits.—Mr. Fox appears to have viewed man through the medium of the drama; and he was often seduced by the idea of poetical justice, to the *prejudice* of *his country*, and the *violation* of *all practical morality* and *sound policy*."—Antijacobin Review.

§. "We shall present our readers with two or three extracts, which may prove with how temperate a *truth* Mr. Fox weighed the *rights of the people*."—Beau Monde.

"—So much for the *rights of the people*! It is now time to enquire what becomes of this Man of the People, who treats them with, what they are so richly entitled to, *absolute subjection*."—London Review.

§. "The unjustifiable conduct of the *attainder of lord Staf-*

*ford**, and the commencement of the civil war, are most clearly and *benevolently* discussed."—Monthly Mirror.

"Unhappy *Strafford*! though your plea could move the hearts of those who were your persecutors to remorse and pity, there yet is found, even in this our time, one who, *without remorse or pity*, publishes his stern decree, and holds you up to general contempt as well deserving the severest punishment."—London Review.

§. "A lasting value will be conferred upon this work, by the *refutation* which it contains of the *errors of Hume*."—Universal Magazine.

"Had this volume no other merit than that of *detecting* the *disguises*, the *sophistries*, and the *impostures*, interspersed through the fascinating but unfaithful pages of *Hume*," &c.—Monthly Review.

"Mr. Fox very justly and *very pointedly* reprobates the *disingenuous conduct* of *Hume*," &c.—Critical Review.

"Mr. Fox has *treated Hume with great indulgence*."—Literary Panorama.

§. "Mr. Fox has *proved* by the *most decisive* arguments, that the grand leading object of James was the establishment of an absolute despotism."—Eclectic Review.

"The system † which Mr. Fox assumes, to account for the whole conduct of James, is, that his first and paramount object was, to establish a system † of absolute power here, and to assimilate the constitution of England to that of France. To prove this, he refers to the papers of Barillon.—This point, after more than one or two careful examinations of the whole of them, *we utterly deny*."—British Critic. ‡

* "*Stafford*:" so in the original.—SATIRIST.

† This reviewer proceeds very *systematically*.—SATIRIST.

‡ It was to be expected that the work which is the subject of the above extracts would produce something extraordinary in the way of criticism; and this it has not failed to do. The review belonging to the methodists (the Eclectic), in the course of its remarks, favours us with the ideal portrait of an *evangelical statesman*; of course, the summit of perfection, and such as

2. An Historical Survey of the Foreign Affairs of Great Britain ; by Gould Francis Leckie, Esq.

"The *abundant*, and we believe authentic, *information* communicated in this work, and the *many important suggestions* it contains, entitle the author to the *gratitude of his country*."—British Critic.

we presume we may expect when the *elect* constitute a majority of the house of commons, and the *saintly* days of Cromwell and the Long Parliament return :—it kindly gives directions likewise for writing a History on a *proper plan* ; and these directions are so conducted, as to make it a matter of perfect *candour* for the reviewer to admit, that "no one ever wished to see the world so literally filled with books as to leave no room for the grass and corn to grow."—The British Critic too was not without its exploits on the occasion. After previously announcing in the newspapers some original and important information from sources which Mr. Fox had personally sought in vain on the continent, its criticism in reality presented what little there was of this sort, involved in seventeen pages of as unfortunate *attempts* at literary *composition*, as ever were committed to print with the hope of their being *understood* ; and strongly enforcing a suspicion, that the writer had not been able to settle with the booksellers his bargain for his modicum of intelligence, otherwise than by taking upon him the *unaccustomed* task of drawing up a critical article himself.—Even the Monthly Mirror chose to sport something out of the common way ; and accordingly supposes that "it cannot be denied that Charles (the First) deserved *hanging every day of his life*." This might induce an apprehension, that, agreeably to the story of a cook-maid's notion of the operation of skinning eels alive, the king might in time become so familiar with the punishment, as hardly to care for it ; were it not that we have some doubt how many successive days of his *life* he could bear to be *hanged*.

If the critics on the *right* side of the question had not been infinitely more moderate and forbearing than those who have judged favourably of Mr. Fox's work, our present Comparative article would have exhibited much more impressive variety and contrast than it now displays ; as a few specimens here will shew. The Monthly Review, speaking of the Introduction, says ; "The pages which convey to us his notions on some important points of *criticism*, we would not exchange for any which at this moment we are able to call to our recollection in *Cicero* or *Quintilian* :—" the Critical Review calls the work a "*sacred relique* ;" the Monthly Mirror speaks of the "*sacred simplicity*" of the style ; and the stupid Beau Monde "commends the *sacred accuracy* with which lord Holland has forbore to make any alterations."

"The present volume contains *much* that is *new*, and deserving of attention both from the public and our government."—Monthly Review.

"Mr. Leckie is a man of considerable knowledge, observation, and reflection: and though his remarks have *little* in them which is altogether *new* to the British reader, yet they bear the stamp of individual reflection; and he presents to the British public an *instructive* example of the manner in which the conduct of their government is regarded among men of information abroad."—Edinburgh Review.

"We opened Mr. Leckie's book with an *expectation of instruction*, which *diminished at every page*. Mr. Leckie is a **SYSTEM-MONGER**; and, like all of the profession, a *wholesale dealer in decrying* whatever he finds established. The following passage, which he *palms upon* the reader for a picture of Sicily," &c. "His alarms are *false*; his terrors *unfounded*. In his *political melancholy*, he is *scared by phantoms of his own creation*."—Quarterly Review.

"Mr. Leckie is undoubtedly a man of *much more* than ordinary *discernment* in *political* affairs. His views are *liberal, ingenious*, often *just*, and sometimes *profound*; but they have **NOT** the **SYSTEMATIC** connection," &c.—Annual Review.

3. Mandeville Castle, or the Two Elinors.

"To notice the titles of works like the present is quite sufficient. It *merely* forms one in the **COMMON** class of novels."—Monthly Review.

"This is a novel of **UNCOMMON** merit."—Monthly Mirror.

"Of the novels which have lately engaged our critical attention, we can mention only that of Mandeville Castle as entitled to any **PRE-EMINENCE of praise**."—Critical Review (Appendix).

4. A Dissertation on the Hebrew Roots, by the late Reverend Alex. Pirie.

"The author has demonstrated the *luxuriance* of his *imagination*, and the *fertility* of his *invention*, MUCH more than the solidity of his judgment, or the accuracy of his discrimination."—*Eclectic Review*.

"Mr. Pirie is, *on the whole*, FAR from being a *fanciful* etymologist."—*Critical Review*.

5. *The Mysterious Wanderer*, a Novel; by Sophia Reeve.

"The 'wanderer' here introduced to our notice is an *amiable* and *interesting* character."—*British Critic*.

"This is a novel of *uncommon merit*. The *moral* is *unexceptionable*."—*Monthly Mirror*.

"It appears that this is a lady's first attempt: and we shall only remark on it, that she has been *unfortunate* in the selection of her heroes; some of whom require the discipline of *St. Luke's*, while others demand the severer correction of the *Old Bailey*."—*Monthly Review*.

6. *The Resurrection*, a Poem; by John Stewart, Esq.

"We have no hesitation to pronounce this a *very fine poem*. It is hardly enough to say that the perusal of this volume has afforded us *gratification* of the *purest kind*. We would recommend it to all who love poetry, and who delight to have before them the *purest doctrines* of our religion in *beautiful language*."—*British Critic*.

"This was an arduous task to undertake; but it is nevertheless executed with the *skill* of a *poet*, the *learning* of a *scholar*, and the *spirit* of a *christian*."—*Oxford Review*.

"We cannot excuse ourselves from gently reminding the author, that passages of scripture exhibited in *insipid* and *nerveless rhymes* can reach the mind with no augmented energy, and that this kind of literary *dawdling* has *not the shadow of a title* to the name of *poetry*."—*Monthly Review*.

"As *sense* is required in poetry no less than sound, and as modern criticism pronounces nothing good which is not *intelligi-*

ble, the Resurrection must, we fear, be classed amongst the *ranting wordy nonsense* of the day."—Annual Review.

7. Lectures on the truly Eminent English Poets, by Percival Stockdale.

"We hope that this publication will succeed, and are positive that it has a *great deal* more *merit* than many that have succeeded. The lovers of poetry will find *many striking remarks* on the works of our best writers ; and the younger students in belles-lettres, in particular, will be *delighted* with the enthusiasm with which this veteran extols the beauties, and recounts the triumphs, of their favourites. There is an air of *sincerity* and *candour throughout*."—Edinburgh Review.

"These lectures *deserve commendation* for a select choice of topic ; for a *splendid* popularity of *eloquence*, and a welcome *urbanity* of purpose ; for inculcating a love of the fair and the good, a spirit of *taste* and of independence."—Annual Review.

"—The *liberal* and *sensible* avowal of the author's opinions in this passage, is in the same spirit of *dignity* and *energy*," &c.
 "His defence of the unfortunate *Chatterton* is *happy* in every thing but its unseasonable dilation : the *reasoning* appears *unanswerable*.—Mr. Stockdale has occasionally *combated Johnson* with *success* ; and he has *throughout* displayed *considerable ingenuity*, and *great liberality of sentiment*."—Critical Review, and Appendix.

"In the present volumes, the *critical opinions* on authors appear in general to be *sound* :—nor are the author's *poetical ideas* in general *wrong*."—British Critic.

"Mr. Stockdale's *opinions* are for the most part *candid*, his *discriminations* generally *accurate*, and his *language* *good*."—Monthly Magazine (Supplement).

"Mr. Stockdale's *violations of grammar* and *common sense* are so *numerous* and so *flagrant*, that it might almost be suspected that his volumes were *merely* intended to exemplify the principles and practice of *bad writing*.—To support these charges [against John-

son], no other circumstance is adduced than that *his opinions are different* from those of Mr. Stockdale.—However *deficient* Mr. Stockdale may *usually* be in *command of language*, it cannot be denied that his vocabulary of *abuse* is *peculiarly copious*. The language of *Billingsgate** is *elegance itself*, when compared with the critical denunciations of this formidable lecturer.”—London Review.

“There is more literary *coxcombry* in these volumes, than in any work we ever read. It is as *disgusting* to wade through Mr. Stockdale’s pages, as to sit in the company of a *prating fop*. A fantastical and turgid language, a *petulance* of *censure*,” &c. “are their distinguishing peculiarities.—It is in this and the following lecture that our author begins to manifest his *puerile endeavours* against the fame of *Johnson*. We do not say that Johnson is absolutely invulnerable; but it is *not* by the *pigmy spear* of Mr. Stockdale that he can be wounded. We cannot, will not, follow him through the *endless* train of *ungentlemanly* language which he applies to his deceased friend; but we will expose an instance of *wilful perversion* which *disgraces* Mr. Stockdale as a man.—His power of *writing nonsense* is *extensive*, as the following excerpts may shew.—The following is really valuable, because we conceive it to contain the *very essence of absurdity*.—His remarks on *Chatterton* are nothing better than the *very ravings* of a *vulgar old man*. Were the *dirty task* suited to our feelings, we could cull from *every corner* of these lectures *such impurities*.—This is surely the *very acme* of *all that is ridiculous* and *all that is contemptible*.”—Universal Magazine.

* Perhaps this is what the Annual Review means by its strange phrase of “a popularity of eloquence.”—SATIRIST.